THE LIVING AGE

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for April, 1935

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THE LIVING AGE. Published monthly. Publication office, 10 FERRY STREET, CONCORD, N. H. Editorial and General offices, 253 Broadway, New York City. 50c a copy. $6.00 a year. Canada, $6.50. Foreign, $7.00. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1935, by The Living Age Corporation, New York, New York.

THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

FRIEDRICH SIEBURG, author of *Who Are These French?* and Paris correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* for many years, introduces us to the leading members of the French General Staff and gives a brief account of their functions. Maxime Weygand recently quit his post as vice-chairman of the War Council, having reached the legal age limit, and is being succeeded by General Gamelin, a former protégé of Joffre's. Weygand belonged to the Foch school, which, incidentally, looked with special favor on the parties of the Right, in general, and on the Church of Rome, in particular.

THE seventieth birthday of Sven Hedin, the world-renowned explorer and Sweden's first citizen, has been greeted with salvos of applause in Germany where he is even more popular than in his own country because he upheld the German cause during the War. Dr. Sigurd Paulsen, Stockholm correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, uses Hedin as a peg on which to hang various observations about Sweden's prosperity, which is one of the seven wonders of the modern world.

AN EXCEPTIONALLY well-posted correspondent in Cairo describes for the *Neue Freie Presse* the present status of Ibn Saud's movement for a federated and united Arabia. This great Moslem Puritan has already brought most of central and southern Arabia under his rule, and last spring he seized several cities on the Red Sea from the Imam of Yemen. To-day millions of Mohammedans are being exhorted by fanatical orators to join forces in a new crusade for Islam.

LAST month we translated two of Professor Paul Keller's dispatches describing the peasants and the industrial workers of Japan. This month he tells about the inside of various Japanese factories. Unlike most foreign visitors, he has seen the smaller as well as the larger enterprises, always under the guidance of native friends rather than government officials.

OUR readers will remember the names of Jean Galtier-Boissière and René Lefebvre as the authors of one of the exposés of the munitions racket, which we translated over a year ago. This time they lift the veil on some of the secrets of the post-war Paris press, but their article is by no means confined to muck-raking and gives a well-rounded picture of the way the French public gets its news. M. Galtier-Boissière is the editor of *Crapouillot*, and the article consists of extracts from a much longer history of the Paris press, to which an entire issue of his publication was devoted.

SOMETIMES a novelist tells us more about a country than all the economists put together—compare, for instance, Thomas Wolfe's *Of Time and the River* with the Hoover Committee's *Recent Social Trends*. Ialu Kurek's new novel about Polish peasant life entitled *Influenza Rages in Naprava* also seems to support this thesis if we are to judge from K. Volski's account of it, translated from the *Izvestia* of Moscow. This Russian critic calls it a Polish *Journey to the End of the Night*.

TO GIVE a somewhat less gloomy interpretation of the same part of the world we also translated a German review of a political study of Poland entitled, *Europe's Political System and Poland* by W. Studnicki, a Polish scholar who has urged Polish-German collaboration since before the War. The author of the review is the Warsaw correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, and, although he used to serve

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

April, 1935 *Volume 348, Number 4423*

The World Over

SEVERAL SCANDALS on the London commodity markets have put the National Government on the hottest spot it has occupied since 1931. Back in November, 1934, it became known that a powerful group of speculative raiders, who had successfully cornered the London shellac market, were attempting also to corner the market for white pepper. In both operations the old-established firm of James and Shakespeare, Ltd. had played a leading part and during the month of August had taken over the metal and produce departments of G. Bishirgian and Company as well as the entire firm of Williams, Henry and Company, Ltd., which dealt in tobacco. During the year 1934 all went well, and the price of white pepper virtually tripled as the pool gradually cornered the entire world supply. But it had not calculated on the fact that black pepper, which has no market in England, can be treated to resemble white pepper, and, when prices reached their peak, the syndicate had purchased enough pepper to supply the British market for four years or the world market for two years and could no longer meet its obligations. On February 7, therefore, various produce brokers presented a petition demanding the compulsory liquidation of James and Shakespeare.

If the instigators of this scheme had belonged to the financial demi-monde in which such transactions are an everyday occurrence, the episode would have possessed no great importance, but it presently appeared that various eminent statesmen and financiers were involved.

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The Dean Finance Company, a large shareholder in James and Shakespeare, is a subsidiary of the Tobacco Securities Company, of which Reginald M'Kenna, former Chancellor of the Exchequer and chairman of the Midland Bank, is the head. Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, chairman of the board of the immensely powerful British-American Tobacco Company, is also a director of the Dean Finance Company. But these respectable figures kept in the background when trouble developed, causing Montagu Norman, governor of the Bank of England, to complain that the only man who had the courage to face the music was 'that bloody Armenian,' Mr. Bishirgian.

At this point we uncover a still more important trail leading to the door of one John Howeson, né Ernsthausen, the 'Tin Napoleon.' Since 1928, Howeson, in conjunction with Oliver Hoare, brother of Sir Samuel Hoare, Secretary of State for India, Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, before he became Minister for the Colonies, Reginald M'Kenna, and Mr. Bishirgian, has succeeded in cornering the tin market. But, when tin prices began to drop in 1929, Mr. Howeson was more successful than the members of the pepper pool in gaining the support of important financial interests and of the Colonial Office, for not only does the price of tin determine the prosperity of Malaya, it plays a vital part in the war industries. The London *Economist* suggested that the shellac and pepper pools had the support of Howeson when it said, 'The group was connected personally with certain metal interests,' but the full details of their operations have appeared only in the *Week*, a modest multigraphed publication, which not only discovers but prints information that the rest of the British press ignores. Here is part of its report on Mr. Howeson:—

> People who have retained somehow a certain naïveté regarding how and why the wheels go round in imperialist London have occasionally expressed surprise at the fact that the Colonial Office should sometimes appear to act as though it were a sub-department of the office of Mr. Howeson and at the further fact that efforts from the most 'respectable' quarters to get questions asked about Mr. Howeson in the British Parliament have rather consistently failed to get on to the order paper.
>
> (So great is the awe with which Mr. Howeson is treated in the City of London that a correspondent of the *Week* recently had to spend fifteen minutes circling upstairs and downstairs in a City restaurant trying to find a table sufficiently isolated to encourage his knowledgeable companion to mention the man at all. Howeson is not a man who likes a great deal of publicity. To a newspaperman who was supposed to know quite a lot about him he remarked recently, 'I would pay two thousand pounds for the news of your death.')

The importance of these revelations may be judged by the following passage in the ultra-orthodox London *Statist* of February 15:—

> It was suggested in certain very responsible Sunday papers that a thorough reconstruction of the personnel and policy of the Government was essential if the cause for which the present administration stands was to gain the day once more

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at the next elections. On Monday, certain organs of the popular press went a good deal further; they predicted an impending disintegration of the National Government and an early appeal to the country. This threat was enough to throw the gilt-edge market into confusion.

Jittery foreign holders of British government securities, fearing a general election, a socialist victory, and further depreciation of the pound, at once began selling, and the prices of their holdings dropped three and a half per cent in three days. This episode marked the beginning of the subsequent decline in sterling if not the beginning of a political overturn as well.

TO JUDGE from a letter written to the *New Statesman and Nation* by C. F. Andrews, biographer of Mahatma Gandhi, the National Government gives every indication of carrying out precisely that policy of 'no surrender in India' that the die-hard British Conservatives advocate. The editor of the innocuous *Modern Review*—a kind of Indian *Atlantic Monthly*—has been threatened with censorship for printing two articles by Tagore, one on Russia, the other a message to some Dublin Quakers. The concentration camps become more crowded every day, and Mr. Andrews quotes this passage from a letter written to him by the relation of a prisoner in one of them:—

Numerous instances of suicide, insanity, infection of tuberculosis have come to light, and the pitiable tales of neglect, torture, and cruelty are many. These reach hundreds of homes in Bengal, and accounts of them are sent to members of the Legislature. The ventilation of such cases brings sharp denials, accompanied by rebukes such as were given by Sir Harry Haig in the course of the Legislative Assembly.

I wish a Committee of M.P.s could come and receive facilities for inquiring into the misery of the *detenus* and their families. My own relation (he gives the name, which I omit) is a *detenu*, at a malarial village, going through his fifth year of detention. His allowance has been reduced to 15 rupees (under £1 3s.) per month. He was a college student, champion swimmer, musician, and sportsman and must have been quite incapable of any direct connection with terrorism. He is now broken in health and was at one time suspected of being tubercular.

Women receive no better treatment—a schoolmistress imprisoned for nearly four years also lost her health. Mr. Andrews writes:—

No one in this country can ever imagine the horror that is connected with this 'detention' system. Recently, conditions have been made less inhuman, owing to continued public pressure, but the whole process of detention without trial is rotten to the core. The innocent suffer with the guilty; the police force has every inducement to bribery and corruption; and the corruption of the Bengal police is notorious. The whole Government becomes dishonest.

These episodes have received less attention in the British press than accounts of Russian prison-farms and German concentration camps.

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THE HISTORY of Germany under Hitler provides the best information available on the drawbacks and advantages of autarky, and it is now quite safe to say that National Socialism has increased domestic employment at the cost of world trade. In January, 1935, unemployment had fallen 21 per cent from the year before, and national income for the year 1934 rose to 29,595 million marks as against 26,310 millions in 1933 and 26,001 millions in 1932. In view of a drop in the cost of living index from 151.7 in 1928, when the national income was 42,907 million marks, to 121, real income has not declined greatly even compared with a period of comparative prosperity. But the goods that this income now purchases have declined in quality and, in the case of food, have risen in price, so that the condition of the German masses has by no means reached prosperity levels. Furthermore, much larger sums are being spent on war preparations—witness an 80-per-cent increase in iron ore imports since 1933. But German imports to-day are determined less by military considerations than by the trade balance with individual countries. Home-produced textiles, substitute rubber, and coal derivatives are increasing, while imports from the United States, Australia, and India have declined since those countries buy less goods from Germany than they sell there. The ultimate success of this policy depends, of course, upon the ability of Germany to develop home-produced substitutes for those raw materials that cannot be supplied by countries that show a favorable trade balance on the German ledger. And failure would be likely to increase the impetus of German expansion to the east and south.

ON TWO PREVIOUS occasions we have referred here to rumors in the foreign press that a monarchist restoration was under way in Greece and that the Duke of Kent and Princess Marina, daughter of the exiled King George, would be called to the throne. One may well doubt that a member of the House of Windsor would be put on such a hot spot, but there is no doubt at all, in the light of recent events in Greece, that the opponents of the European *status quo* have started a powerful offensive in that sector. As we go to press, news dispatches from Central Europe detect the hand of Fascist Italy behind the insurrectionists, and it has long been known that their leader, Venizelos, has been on the closest terms with Sir Basil Zaharoff, Sir Henri Deterding, anti-Soviet elements in the British Foreign Office, and the British Intelligence Service. Furthermore, Italy can make no move abroad without the consent of England. The object of attack on this occasion would appear to be the Balkan Entente that Greece, Turkey, Rumania, and Yugoslavia concluded on February 4, 1934. That group of Powers has been a strong supporter of the European *status quo* and maintains close connections with France

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and the Little Entente through Rumania and Yugoslavia and with the Soviet Union through Turkey, which has long been Russia's best friend abroad. For diplomatic as well as geographic reasons, Greece therefore became the logical objective of an attack on the Balkan Entente launched jointly by Italy and England. Titulescu, Rumania's Foreign Minister, happens to be the president this year of both the Little Entente and the Balkan Entente, while Russia, even more than France, attaches great importance to both groups of Powers as they provide a measure of security along its southern and western frontiers. Meanwhile, Princess Marina is serving as patroness for an exhibition of White Russian art in London, which is also being sponsored by Grand Duke Cyril, pretender to the late Tsar's empty throne.

JUST AS the Balkan Entente may be broken up by an internal revolution, so the confederation of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, commonly known as Yugoslavia, may be shattered by internal defection. During the six years of Alexander's dictatorship and for a considerable period before that, the Croatians have struggled against the domination that the Serbs have imposed upon them. On January 10, 1935, Dr. Y. Krnyevitch, secretary general of the Croatian Peasants' Party, which has the support of an overwhelming majority of the nation, addressed a communication to the Council of the League of Nations, pointing out some of the abuses of Serbian rule to-day. The entire Yugoslavian delegation to the League is composed exclusively of Serbs. The Yugoslav envoys in London, Paris, Rome, Berlin, Warsaw, Vienna, Budapest, Bucharest, Athens, and Sofia are all Serbs. The Serbs hold all the important cabinet positions while a Croat is made Minister of Physical Culture. All the seven new generals appointed by Jevtič at the turn of the year are Serbs. Even in Croatia itself, all the important posts are held by Serbs, who abuse their powers with a brutality that served as a model for German concentration camps. Yet, according to the Versailles Treaty, Croatia is not a minority group but a nation, which to-day is not even permitted to organize a national party as Germans and Hungarians do in Czechoslovakia. In view of the fact that the Croatians are not only richer and better-educated than the Serbs—their capital city of Zagreb is the financial and cultural centre of Yugoslavia—but that they are Roman Catholics, they appear to be the most dangerous threat to Yugoslav unity.

JAPAN'S SEARCH for raw materials is beginning to yield results. The Australian Government is tending to confine its dog-in-the-manger attitude to the issue of immigration and has permitted Japanese interests to work the rich tin and iron ore deposits on three islands off the northwestern Australian coast. Although an Australian mining company dis-

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covered the mines, it could not work them owing to labor conditions, but the Japanese claim that the hot climate presents no difficulties although they have consented to employ some Australians on the job, too. At the same time that Japan is uncovering new sources of metal supply to the south, Manchukuo promises to yield enough oil to meet its own needs. The 'coal city' of Fushun has assumed all the aspects of a boom town, and its deposits of shale oil are expected to provide Manchukuo with one-third of the gasoline it will need this year. This type of oil is extracted from a mineral much harder but less dark than coal, and oil is not its only by-product; it also yields cement and ammonia. According to M. Yamasaki, superintendent of the shale-oil distillation plant, 'This oil-distillation plant is only a part of the manifold activities of the Fushun Colliery, now employing nearly 40,000 Manchus and 3,500 Japanese. But the rôle of the oil plant has been greatly enhanced by the enactment of the Manchuria Oil Monopoly Law.'

JAPAN'S PROSPERITY resembles closely that of Germany. Since 1931 industrial employment has increased 21 per cent, wage rates have fallen, total wages have remained constant, hours of work have increased, prices have risen, defense expenditures have increased, and profits have soared. The *Oriental Economist* reports the following net profits for the first half of 1934: 63 per cent for glass manufacture, 54 per cent for rayon, 32 per cent for cotton textiles, 28 per cent for steel, smelting, and wool, 25 per cent for sugar. No class in Germany has suffered as much as the Japanese peasants, who bear the brunt of their country's expansion, and, while share-the-work schemes have reduced hours of German industrial labor, the Japanese working day has increased to an average of nine and a half hours in the larger industries and to fourteen and fifteen hours in the smaller ones. Both countries also conceal some of the items in their defense expenditures, which, in the case of Japan, will consume 53 per cent of the national budget during 1935. The *Japan Times* calculates the total defense expenditures for this year at 1,340 million yen, or more than the total 1931 budget, and adds this comment:—

> It is a matter of grave concern to what extent the Finance Ministry authorities will be able to check the expansion of the military expenditure. Surprised by the vastness of the new demand of the military, the Finance Ministry authorities have granted, it is reported, in the first draft 150,000,000 yen out of the new demand of the army and 80,000,000 yen of the navy. It is, however, utterly impossible to think that the army and navy will consent to this drastic cut, and heated discussions will be held between the finance and military authorities before the final conclusion will be reached. Even if the military authorities would consent to this cut and make no further demands, the total military expenditure for the year of 1935 will be 970,000,000 yen, larger than that of

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the last year by 34,000,000 yen. And, if the direct and indirect military expenditures hidden in the budget of other ministries are taken into consideration, it is evident that more than half of the national expenditure will be spent for defense purposes.

SOVIET ECONOMIC PENETRATION continues apace in Sin-Kiang Province, or Chinese Eastern Turkestan, which is surrounded by Tibet, Kashmir, China, and several Soviet republics. General Sheng Shih-tsai, who is reputed to have received money and arms from Russia, dominates this enormous territory of 640,000 square miles, which possesses immense but unsurveyed mineral reserves. Supported by Chinese troops who were allowed to cross Soviet territory with their fighting equipment after they had been routed by the Japanese two and three years ago, General Sheng drove out General Ma Ching-yin, who had received arms from England and money from Japan but who is now being held by the Soviet authorities. Sheng owes his success chiefly to economic and geographic factors. In 1930 the Russians completed the Turksib railway and brought Sin-Kiang into their sphere of influence by providing an outlet for its produce along a line that joins the Transsiberian at Novosibirsk, a typical boom town whose population has increased from 75,000 to 150,000 in ten years. To-day it is rumored in Moscow that a $2,000,000 loan has been arranged for the Sin-Kiang Government to pay for two shorter lines leading to the Turksib. The Russians also point out that if a railway were built straight across Sin-Kiang running east and west, it would meet the Chinese line now under construction in Shensi Province and thus cut in half the present ten-day trip from Asia to Europe along the Transsiberian. It goes without saying that both the Japanese and British Foreign Offices are opposing this extension of Soviet influence, the Japanese because they hope to draw Sin-Kiang into the field of influence they are establishing in Mongolia, the British because it lies uncomfortably close to India.

TO JUDGE from the American-owned *China Weekly Review* of Shanghai, a fairly consistent supporter of Chiang Kai-shek, the expulsion of the Communists from Kiangsi Province, which skirts the western border of the coastal province of Fukien, is a defeat of the first magnitude. Even Communist sources do not deny the fact that their movement has been driven from its former stronghold, but they point out that it has gained more important strongholds further west in Szechwan. This the *China Weekly Review* denies on these grounds:—

The suggestion, prominenced in the Japanese press, that the Reds, from their new position in Szechwan, may be able to establish connections with Moscow by way of Kansu and Sin-Kiang Provinces appears to be too far-fetched

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> to arouse serious consideration. In the first place, it is more than 200 miles over almost impassable mountains from Suiting, the Red base in eastern Szechwan, to Sian, capital of Shensi, and from Sian to Lanchow, capital of Kansu, it's another 300 miles, and, even though they could get to Lanchow it would require exactly 64 days of steady traveling to reach Urumchi, capital of Sin-Kiang, which is near the Soviet border. If the Szechwan Reds possessed an airplane they might fly over this territory, but they do not possess any planes, and any attempt of Red groups or their emissaries to make the trip afoot would meet with opposition all along the long desert road. The worst opposition would come from the fanatical Mohammedans, who would devour them at leisure. A further and even more important element is that Sin-Kiang Province, although adjacent to Russia and on friendly terms with the Soviets, is definitely not a Red province and would not permit such a group to enter its domain.

In view of the developments in Sin-Kiang reported in our previous note, this conclusion may not be warranted, but the *Review's* further contention that Moscow is paying less attention to Communism in China raises a more important point:—

> From a general standpoint the present Soviet leaders have little or no interest in the Chinese Reds, and the collapse of the Kiangsi set-up may pave the way for a genuine resumption of relations between China and Russia on a more realistic basis of mutual needs. When the U. S. S. R. was weak in a military sense, it used Communist propaganda and support of Red groups in foreign countries as a means of defense against its enemies, but, as the Russians have now developed a powerful and well-equipped army, this has been accompanied by a lessening of interest in Communist movements outside of Russia. To-day it might be stated with considerable correctness that Soviet interest in the Chinese Reds is far less, from a material standpoint, than is the interest of the foreign mission boards in the United States in their Chinese Christian converts.

WALTER BOSSHARD, an experienced German correspondent who has traveled the length and breadth of Asia, gives some more intimate, first-hand details about the struggle for Sin-Kiang. General Ma Ching-yin, the descendant of an old military family from Kansu Province, took on as his adviser an idealistic Turkish advocate of Pan-Islam. The Japanese then tried to take the Pan-Islam movement under their wing and organized a Pan-Islam Conference in Tokyo, which several of their leading politicians addressed and endorsed with a view to establishing a number of pseudo-independent Moslem states in Central Asia similar to Manchukuo in the East. The Moslems, distrusting Great Britain and knowing that the Soviet Union is the bitter foe of religion in all its forms, welcomed the assistance that the Japanese offered, but it was Russia not Britain that finally defeated Ma Ching-yin. Nevertheless, the Japanese continue to ship propaganda literature written in native dialects to Sin-Kiang, and members of the Japanese general staff, dressed in Chinese clothes with copies of the Koran in their pockets,

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mingle among the natives, warning them of the Bolshevist peril. England, on the other hand, occupies a purely defensive position. Many pilgrims cross Indian territory as they make the pilgrimage from Turkestan to Mecca and exert a considerable influence on the Indian Moslems. With Japan encouraging Pan-Islamic sentiment, England rather welcomes Soviet Russia's anti-religious opposition to this movement. As Herr Bosshard points out:—

> Whereas Bolshevism is strenuously opposed in India, the English approve of the energetic attitude the Soviet Government has adopted against Japan, for they seem to be convinced that it is always easier to master Communism than it is to control an outburst of fanatically religious Islamism fostered by Japan.

IN 1932 the inhabitants of Western Australia voted 2 to 1 to secede from the Commonwealth, but they have had difficulty in accomplishing their purpose by constitutional means. The issue recalls that upon which our own Civil War was fought. Western Australia, like the Southern Confederacy, produces foodstuffs and raw materials and buys its manufactured products on the world market. The remaining Australian states, on the other hand, like our northern states, are developing native industries, which they protect by means of high tariffs. The result is that Western Australia pays exorbitant prices for its manufactured goods. But Western Australia, although the largest state in point of area, is far outnumbered in point of population, and the rest of the Commonwealth does not wish to lose a market that spends about $80,000,000 a year on industrial products and that would transfer its purchases to other countries if it were allowed to secede. The mother country, on the other hand, is inclined to favor Western Australia's claims since it would undoubtedly sell more goods there than it does under the protective tariff régime. But the mother country, not daring to offend a majority of the Australian people, remains neutral. The London *Economist*, consistent advocate of free trade, comments:—

> As through a glass darkly, one sees an independent Western Australia, the challenge to protectionism, the white hope of liberalism, the leaven in the lump of empire trade, the pioneer of a low-tariff group, which in the end would embrace all the world—except a few surly states penuriously taking in their own washing at inflated charges. What an ambition!

As through a glass not so darkly, one can also see the British Foreign Office using Western Australia's desire for independence as a means of bringing pressure to bear on the rest of the Commonwealth when, as, and if more difficulties arise in the Pacific area.

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From the four corners of the earth comes a group of articles discussing the personnel of the French General Staff, the Sweden of Sven Hedin, the Pan-Arabian movement, and the factories of Japan.

MIXED Quartette

AN INTERNATIONAL SYMPOSIUM

I. FROM WEYGAND TO GAMELIN

By FRIEDRICH SIEBURG

Translated from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, Frankfurt National-Socialist Daily

GENERAL WEYGAND has reached the age limit and resigned his command of the French army. General Gamelin follows him in office. At the same time the high command of the army is being reorganized. Whereas Weygand was vice-chairman of the War Council and Gamelin was chief of the General Staff, these two offices are now being held by one man. General Gamelin becomes commander-in-chief of the army in event of war because he holds the former position. Under the new dispensation, however, he is also able in time of peace, as head of the General Staff, to shape his own military organization to meet any emergency. The troops, the army staffs, the schools, the curriculum, and the organization are subordinate to him.

This coördination restores the system set up by War Minister Messimy in 1911. It was changed in 1920 chiefly because it was difficult to subordinate renowned marshals who had just returned victorious from the War to the authority of the War Minister, who occupies the post of chairman in the War Council. This government body, which in turn is controlled by Parliament, is ultimately responsible to the nation both at home and abroad for every defensive measure and even in

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time of peace is in supreme command of the nation's entire fighting forces.

The rôle of '*major général*,' to which General Georges has been appointed, can best be described as analogous to the post of quartermaster general that Ludendorff held. He is a kind of chief of operations, who prepares the manœuvres and movements in the event of war. A new decree has also made General Colson chief of staff, and his activities are primarily of an organizational character and resemble those that the German Defense Minister used to exercise before the War. He does not go into the field but supervises reinforcements, reserves, and raw materials behind the lines. This division of offices may come to possess a double significance since very important plans have just been announced for the creation of a whole defensive apparatus placing both the air and sea forces under one supreme command. Gamelin and his two collaborators would in this event be completely in control of the largest and most complete war instrument that exists to-day.

Do these changes in the high command of the French army mean that a transformation of political, military, and strategical methods is under way? This question can hardly be answered in the affirmative. France faces important military decisions, whether the man who makes them happens to be named Weygand or Gamelin. The collapse of the disarmament conference raised many burning questions, which might all be summed up in the desire of France to assure itself a great superiority over any other military Power in Europe and, if possible, to hold this position. The so-called 'years of deficit' begin in 1936 and run through 1940. During this period the low birth-rate of the War period will reduce the number of recruits. Will it be possible by enlisting more *disponibilités* and increasing the number of professional soldiers and specialists to compensate for this deficiency, or must the period of military service be lengthened, which means serious domestic political difficulties?

Theories of military operations are also in a state of ferment in France. Weygand was a staunch prophet of Foch's idea of defensive imperialism, which he assimilated during the five years he spent in charge of the Centre des Hautes-Études, a military school for colonels and generals. Thus, he spread these ideas among the high command. Foch was a commander with apoplectic temperamental inspirations, which Weygand organized and prepared to execute with painful thoroughness. Foch and Weygand were a pair, a team, like certain other historic marriages of the same kind, such as those between Berthier and Napoleon, Ludendorff and Hindenburg. What Weygand says of Turenne in his biography of that commander holds true of himself, 'He left nothing to chance.'

He states that one of the most important tasks of the supreme command is not only to give orders but to supervise their execution. It remains the duty of the retiring general to see to it that his love of detailed attention to the mobile elements in Foch's plans of operation continues unbroken.

Does Gamelin, his successor, represent also his antithesis and incorporate the more prudent leadership of Joffre? Comparisons have often been made between the dynamic Foch and the static Joffre. But perhaps there was

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not so great a difference. Joffre was not the same man as his successor. He paid more attention to the hidebound, mistrustful, calculating prudent elements in the French character than the impulsive Foch did. His own soldiers possessed these qualities, and Joffre unquestionably made more allowances for the earthly weight of his war apparatus than Foch, who in this respect was perhaps not so close to the people as his predecessor. Moreover, the conception of mobile leadership as taught by the school of Foch involved certain shortcomings that left out of account the prudent, cautious French way of doing things. An enveloping operation executed even in the spirit of Foch was never so bold as if it had been conceived in Germany and would never disregard the support of the wing from which it proceeded.

II

It is significant that Gamelin is a disciple of Joffre, but Georges, his chief of operations, draws his ideas and doctrines from Foch. The new chief of staff knows that military principles in France are in a state of flux, and therefore he does not cling to any fixed ideas. He is one of those leaders who are capable of developing new, more profound theories on the basis of experience. Not without purpose does he read books on philosophy, Bergson's works having been his favorite reading at one time. There is nothing rigid or doctrinaire about him. He believes in 'creative development,' which generally goes by the name of life itself and which also, in the continually changing theories of strategy, ultimately expresses the character of the nation. Therefore, one should not say that the emergence of this man at the head of the French army means that the mobile strategy of Foch and Weygand has been superseded. No one can yet say for a certainty what military doctrine the French general staff will adopt in the near future, probably not even Gamelin himself.

Moreover, it would probably be wise not to attribute the change in command to anything very fundamental. Weygand has retired as the result of a mechanical procedure, to wit, the fact that he has reached the age limit. Furthermore, Gamelin was already chief of the General Staff. Particularly from the German point of view, there is no ground for new hopes, new fears, new expectations. The military leaders of France, whatever names they bear, are always working to perpetuate the military superiority of their country over Germany. The famous *marge de securité* remains the chief element in French military policy whether this policy takes the form of an instrument of war or of military collaboration with other nations.

As far as the French commander is concerned, this policy is not a matter of opinion or inclination but of simple duty. The most that one can say is that General Gamelin, like Marshal Pétain before him, advocates a *modus vivendi* with Germany. This means that he neither endorses the romantic idea of a Franco-German military alliance nor the shortsighted, spiteful policy of crushing Germany and discriminating against her at all costs. It is clear to him that France must live with and beside Germany, but he would not be a Frenchman if he regarded this close existence as anything

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but 'living dangerously.' This general can choose no middle path between the mad, legalistic enthusiasm for a system of alliances and the insane policy of superarmament, which is identical with the desire to encircle Germany. This does not mean that any great solution of Europe's difficulties is on its way. Gamelin merely maintains an attitude determined by reason and circumstances.

Furthermore, Gamelin arouses more personal sympathy than Weygand did, even in Germany. The recently retired general has never been able to rid himself of the burden of hatred that he has always carried as a leading figure in the tragi-comedy of disarming and humiliating Germany. To us, and to himself, he always remains the man of November 11, 1918. He has had few opportunities to prove his skill in operation, but he has had many opportunities to represent the spirit of the military clauses of the Peace Treaty. His rôle in the history of the Treaty makes it easy for us to understand why he advocated the plan of a preventive war against Germany in May, 1933, although he may not have devised it himself. It is impossible for a figure of this kind to be completely non-political and not to oppose politicians who betrayed the victory or at least minimized it.

Weygand is one of those Frenchmen who have not been able to distinguish between the greatness of the victory and the moral and spiritual despair that followed in France. That is what has made his attitude toward Germany so dictatorial. Gamelin, on the other hand, emerged from this conflict, which laid its mark on every Frenchman of the war generation, into the clear sphere of pure soldiery. He has always followed his nation's policy with intense enthusiasm but has never expressed himself publicly on the subject. Therefore, he is a simpler figure in our eyes. He has never been more or less than an officer who refused to make history or play politics. This has enabled him to preserve a polite realism that may exert itself on an international scale. The rude, aggressive Weygand is being followed by the attractive, correct, patient Gamelin. The difference between their two temperaments is too obvious to escape our notice, but it would be a great mistake to jump to any conclusions about French military policy.

II. Sven Hedin and Sweden

By Dr. Sigurd Paulsen

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin National-Socialist Daily

On the nineteenth of February Sven Hedin celebrated his seventieth birthday and informed the Chinese Government in Nanking about the progress of his journey through revolutionary Turkestan. He was traveling farther and farther along the forgotten caravan roads of central Asia. Sweden has raised him to the nobility and celebrates him as its most popular and renowned citizen in the outer world.

Twenty years ago, however, he was one of the best-hated people in the

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land. At that time he wrote a pamphlet entitled *A Warning*, urging that Sweden arm itself in view of the approaching world conflict. He stood out as the only living Swede ready to bear witness that his people were still capable of great actions in addition to those that they had already performed in history and legend. But the advocates of the dominating neutrality ideology also understood the world,—that is, the European Baltic world,—and their timid counsels prevailed. The controversy continues up to the present time. The activists hope that modern Sweden will display greater national vitality and play an historic rôle; the neutrals, on the other hand, believe that it does not conform to the virtues of the nation to act the part of a hero and that it would certainly come to grief because no important drama is being played out in the Scandinavian countries—luckily, they add.

Yet the battle lines have changed. The old-fashioned neutral is dead, but the new-styled neutral is a very enterprising man; indeed, his neutrality compels him to be. Outlets for Swedish exports are opening up in Iran, Iraq, Syria, and Abyssinia—those very countries that the Swedish Crown Prince recently visited. Modern vikings are opening a door for trade that remains closed to the representatives of the big imperialist Powers. To-day, the men who stand poles apart from Hedin in matters of domestic politics are following in his footsteps.

Who departed by train last evening from the Stockholm station to Addis Ababa? Young Baroness Tamm, leading a child by either hand. She was going to join her husband, who belongs to the Swedish military commission in Abyssinia. Two young wives of lieutenants, bored with life apart from their husbands, accompanied her. The arrival of these women in Abyssinia, their desire to visit the threatened 'Citadel of Africa' perhaps created just as great a sensation as the recent visit of the Crown Prince. The nations of the Near East are taking notice and perceiving that previously neutral nations no longer hold aloof. The type of white man on whom they used to be able to depend, the non-imperialist, may find a door held open to him here and there, provided the principle of the open door survives the race war and many other lovely events now in preparation.

Meanwhile, Sweden remains a country that bores politically minded people. The last purely Social-Democratic Government in the world still holds office, its foreign policy completely becalmed while it is experiencing a stockmarket boom. What is it doing? Liquidating the class war. Legislation always calls for the services of a 'third man,' a neutral, to decide labor conflicts and arbitrate the domestic class struggle. Yielding to bourgeois pressure and fearing the catastrophes that are rapidly overtaking Marxism on every hand, the powerful Swedish trade unions have decided to relax somewhat the blockade terror that they used to invoke against unorganized and independent workers. This is a typical procedure. It is not the orthodox Marxist victory of the proletariat that is bringing the class struggle to an end, nor is it being overcome by a national community that is raising the nation to a higher historical level; instead, neutrals are gradually constructing a safe little

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island. Perhaps this territory will ultimately spread so far that the majority of Swedish workers will share the standpoint of the 'third man,' and more and more strikes will be settled by arbitration boards.

Thus, the Cabinet keeps its face. At least, it is keeping it until the inevitable, decisive political struggle between Right and Left in England shows what the prospects of large-scale socialist action may be. But, whatever happens in England, Sweden remains a sector of secondary importance in the whole militant front of northwestern European socialism. As long as the broad shoulders of the urbane premier, Per Albin Hanssen, ward off future troubles, or if the showdown never comes, the neutral will occupy a leading place in Sweden's domestic affairs. This means that, although the organized power of the trade unions still remains, it has lost its effectiveness over the souls of the workers.

That explains why at a time when the opposition labor parties in western Europe are drawing up radical, fighting programmes, like the de Man propaganda plan in Belgium, publicists from the City and Wall Street hail reformist-red Sweden as a 'haven of sanity.' The Associated Press has opened a new office in Sweden to proclaim to all the world the sensational spiritual balance that Scandinavia has achieved, and it is indeed sensational to learn that in constructing a power station in Wärmland only one supervisor is required for every two hundred to three hundred and fifty workers because the Swedish skilled laborer does not like the horrors of automatic control and mass production and the experience of the most important enterprises in the country, which employ ten thousand workers, has shown that they do better without it.

II

Nowhere in the world has there been so much research into labor conditions. It began with the generations of the old 'smith dynasties,' the historic steel works, and continued down to the man who gave his name to the world-renowned firm of L. M. Ericsson. The most important development in the history of modern Sweden is that the happy alliance that large groups of professionally skilled workers have made goes hand in hand with an open door on the world market and a neutral foreign policy. It would be an unprecedented sensation if we should have to revise our old idea of the weak neutral and that Sweden should produce an exception, proving that the 'third man' is more virile than the others. Switzerland has made similar attempts, but there, too, it is doubtful that the young people will accept them.

In view of the close economic connections that we Germans maintain with the rich Scandinavian markets, we should not observe this development with the eyes of competitors, and there is even less reason for us to criticize them because our own historical experience has been quite different. Besides, such a transvaluation of all political values as the rising generation of activist neutrals is accomplishing will perpetuate the inheritance Sven Hedin is leaving and will confront the country with a great and perhaps overpowering task.

But Sweden's history is full of surprising achievements. If the material

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power of the white race is no longer to encompass the entire world, realistic politicians should, nevertheless, perceive that they possess a very real spiritual power in the political foresight of their apparently non-political type, the neutral man. The birthday of such a true friend of Germany as Sven Hedin, coming as it does after several German-Swedish press feuds, offers a good occasion to spread greater understanding of this spiritual achievement in the now uniform German press.

III. Toward a Federated Arabia

By a Cairo Correspondent

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna Liberal Daily

ARABIAN orators are enjoying good times. They are addressing dozens of meetings in Cairo and Jerusalem, in Damascus and Baghdad, discussing all the questions that agitate the Arabic-speaking peoples. When will Egypt take a serious interest in Arabian affairs? When will the Syrian mandate and other problems be solved? But behind such questions as these stands a much larger, more important question—when will an Arabian federation come into being?

The plan to launch the Arabian idea before all the world as a preliminary piece of propaganda for a political pan-Arabian unit has not yet progressed beyond the preliminary stage. At the moment, a number of Arabian politicians are struggling for a common front though not for a common state. They believe that they are being oppressed by British supremacy in Egypt, by the French mandate in Syria, by the British mandate in Palestine, and by Jewish immigrants, who are violating Arabian rights.

But anyone who regards these affairs from the point of view of practical politics and not merely as symptoms quickly perceives a very different picture. The Western Powers are becoming more and more interested in the Arabian movement. The Suez Canal, Japanese penetration of the Red Sea, its coquetting with the two independent rulers of the Hejaz and Yemen, the oil pipe-line from Mosul to Haifa and Tripolis, the construction of the harbor at Haifa and the strategically important harbor at Aqaba—all these manifestations affect world politics though they are occurring in a part of the world that we regard as Arabian.

But what we consider Arabian is not completely so in the sense that implies an absolute unity. What binds Egypt, Iraq, and the Hejaz together is language. They do not share a common culture, common ancestors, or a common religion. They have no real common destiny except for the fact that they all have spoken Arabic for centuries,—some more than others,—that they were all ruled by the Turkish sultans and were freed from this yoke by the World War.

People are far too much inclined to underestimate religious differences. The circumstance that the King of the Hejaz belongs to the Wahabi sect and is a kind of Mussulman Protes-

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tant or Puritan plays just as important a part in the life of the Arabian world as the fact that in the French mandated territory Syria is Mohammedan whereas Lebanon is Christian. Thousands of poor peasants and Fellahin know that Arabic is their mother tongue though they themselves are not of Arabic origin.

The Christian Arabian fears that he will be oppressed by the dominance of the numerically superior Mohammedans. The modern reformed Mussulman fears a victory of Mecca, that is of the Hejaz, and fears the predominance of the Mussulman priesthood. The Fellahin fear that they will be exploited on an even greater scale. At the present moment, still another consideration has come into play. There are certain independent states that are subordinate either directly or indirectly to British and French control and that not only enjoy better economic conditions to-day than they ever have before but are incomparably better off than the two completely independent Arabian states. Even Transjordania, the smallest of the dependent states, has gradually recovered from the economic crisis. The Arabian workers in Palestine receive wages that their fathers never dreamed of. Both the Palestinian worker and his cousin in Syria do not suffer from any such wretched working conditions as their ancestors endured for many years when they cursed the rule of the Turks. To-day, they are gradually perceiving that the present masters of their country are giving them better conditions than all the Effendis ever wished to provide.

The work of the federalists is, therefore, not easy. Their written propaganda attempts to show the outer world how shabbily they and their ideas are treated by the Great Powers, but their domestic propaganda, written in Arabic for the interior of the country, often strikes a different note and complains bitterly how little support the federated-Arabia ideas are finding among the middle classes and the workers, even less, indeed, than they are finding abroad. 'We are a mighty power if we are united and close our ranks but we remain a political football for foreigners as long as we fail to form a united front.' That is the constantly repeated warning.

II

But this warning loses its force as long as it fails to find any opponent to struggle against and does not provide a target for the fanaticism that is always latent in the Arabian masses. Here, rather than in the propaganda itself, lies the political danger of the movement as far as western nations and their political programmes are concerned. The leaders of the movement are searching with might and main for the necessary enemy. They are basing more and more hope in conflicts that may occur abroad, even beyond the confines of Arabia. But one thing remains supremely important in assessing the power of the movement: it has at its disposition supporters by the hundred thousands but very little money. That may be changed, and it can easily be changed if economic setbacks make the masses discontented and transform them from pampered servants into disillusioned rebels.

The Arabian question is therefore closely tied up in many districts

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with economic developments. In other places, it is purely political, diplomatic, or dynastic. But a movement composed of so many geo-political and world-political elements may explode if a new leader arises and summons the masses to fanatical revolt, for this movement has at its command more than fifteen million people. Its massed supporters, who knew nothing a few years ago beyond what their tribal leader thought they should know, are now assimilating political ideas that are often diluted and false but that are capable of arousing their enthusiasm if nothing better emerges to serve the same purpose.

IV. Inside Japan's Factories

By Professor Paul Keller

Translated from the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, Zürich German-language Daily

THE Japanese do not like to show their factories to foreigners. They themselves have learned too much during their visits to Europe and America to fling their gates open to anyone now that their own enterprises are in many respects the most advanced in the world. In spite of certain difficulties in gaining access to these factories, the foreigner's impressions depend entirely on the course he follows. If he appears as a distinguished visitor to Japan and makes the official tour arranged by the Foreign Ministry, he will be shown some of the most brilliantly organized and completely equipped factories in Japan. It is just like Russia. Every effort is made to give the visitor the best possible impression.

On the other hand, if, for the best of reasons, the foreign visitor does not wish to be shown merely the high points of Japanese industry, he must fall back on the assistance of personal friends. In this way he can also gain access to the medium-sized and small factories. Their methods of production are as important and characteristic of Japan as those of the big modern factories, and their efficiency has held out against the tendency toward capitalist concentration. About half of the total productive capacity of Japanese industry still remains in the hands of medium and small enterprises, and the impressions that I am about to relate of visits to Japanese factories were made in different parts of the country and in plants of different sizes, to which I gained access through private acquaintances. They do not pretend to be anything more than the personal impressions of an unprejudiced observer who also knows European factories at first-hand.

When one is ushered into one of the big Japanese factories, one is either taken to a director's building or to a luxurious private office, but the smaller industries lack any such appurtenances. In the smaller industrial enterprises, the director sits among his employees, and the editor-in-chief of one of the biggest newspapers in the world works surrounded by the hubbub of his hundred assistant editors and telephone and telegraph operators. No receptionist ushers the visitor through cushioned doors or into a

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glass-enclosed office that emphasizes the special position of its occupant compared with his subordinates. Instead, he works among them, and they can approach him and talk to him as to one of themselves.

II

This close personal relationship also exists in a larger sense between the head of the factory and the workers. When you accompany the chief through the workrooms, you notice that he is no stranger. Every girl greets him, and he replies with the same cordiality. The factory rulers are not purse-proud as they are in Europe. They do not go to their factories by automobile but use the electric street cars along with their employees. They do not display their wealth on the streets or in public places. They enjoy it in their outwardly simple houses, where it neither attracts nor repels the outer world. Between the employer and the employees in Japan there is a sense of family spirit, which is much more universally alive than in the older capitalistic countries and in Christian lands. The head of the biggest and most modern cotton mill in Japan receives us in blue overalls. Tea is served as it always is when one visits a factory or any other place, and the opportunity arises to ask all kinds of questions.

'Certainly, we have trade unions. I receive their representatives when they have anything to lay before me. If I find that their demands are not unreasonable, I gladly agree with them. We never discuss wages, hours, or dismissals, but I try to do the best I can for my 3,700 workers. About five hundred of them are men and the rest are women, most of them girls between the ages of fifteen and twenty, who live in the dwelling places connected with the factory and stay with us for an average of four years. By that time they have saved something and get married or return to their families in the country. I myself give them some of their education in our workers' schools. I eat lunch every noon in the factory for ten sens and live with my family in a factory building on factory property.'

We begin to make the rounds and visit the storerooms, in which ten thousand bales of Indian, American, Egyptian, and Persian cotton are stored. We pass through the halls where they are mixed and carded, and then we enter the huge workrooms where they are spun and woven. Every day a hundred and fifty bales of cotton are spun into cloth here. The machinery runs from five o'clock in the morning until eleven o'clock at night.

The most impressive aspect of the big modern factory in contrast to the small factory is the lack of workers. It is difficult even to see the few girls who move about among the towering spinning machines and noisy shuttles, controlling them, tying together torn threads, and walking to and fro. Each of them tends from 3 to 6 spinning machines or from 25 to 48 automatic looms. They all wear the same clothes, which the factory provides, a blue smock with a short European coat, which is more practical among the machines than the native kimono. Every machine has its own electric motor and dust remover. The air is artificially moistened. The girls are pale, but neither tense nor unhappy.

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They enjoy the diversion of a visit as if they were schoolchildren. After their work they lose no time making a tiring journey home, for they live only a few steps away in groups of from four to seven in the clean, cheerful sleeping rooms of the factory, where they are often better cared for than under the thatched roofs of their parents' little houses.

III

The weaving process is completely automatic. Japan makes the Toyoda-Platt weaving loom, 'the best loom in the world.' The factory that builds it is overwhelmed with orders. It has at least eighteen months of business ahead and last August paid its stockholders dividends of 107 per cent. The workers here have offered no opposition to the adoption of new labor-saving machinery. The most efficient instrument of labor is always welcomed.

Here we encounter a universal characteristic of Japanese industry. It is technically very well equipped, most of its factories are new and are constantly being rebuilt and brought up-to-date. The machines are worked harder and treated more carelessly than in Europe. They wear out and are always replaced by the latest models. Japan's machine industry is prospering. It turns out not only machines that displace labor but power machinery of every kind. It is using Japanese labor, though not Japanese raw materials, to produce more and more of the necessary machinery. The plants of the new big industries all have the same devices of rationalization that long experience has discovered in America and Europe. They use the most efficient means of transport whether by water or by rail. There is division of labor within the factory, and producers' associations buy their raw materials in bulk and collaborate on their export policies as well. What has developed historically in Europe as different forms of production—spinning, weaving, bleaching, dyeing, or blending—has been combined in the Japanese textile industry with the result that both time and money are saved.

The utmost rationalism also prevails within the factory. In a *tabi* factory (*tabi* is the heavy cotton the Japanese use for their footwear) a comparatively simple labor process has been divided into 64 processes that require almost as many different 'specialists.' The combination of all these processes that make possible the division of labor is extremely efficient. The assembly work begins in an imposing room where thick layers of material with holes punched through them are collected at the end of a long series of tables. The material moves from sewing machine to sewing machine, and at each of them a part of the sewing is done at the greatest speed until in the middle of the room, at the other end of the row of tables, the finished *tabi* is sorted, ironed, and packed according to color. Fifty million *tabi* are turned out of this factory by the organization of labor. Formerly a considerable amount of the cloth used came from Switzerland, but today it comes from Japanese weaving mills.

The tempo of work is terrific. The Japanese worker needs but little oversight. His production is supervised, and it is enough to hand him back a piece of work that he has done badly

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to arouse his sense of honor and spur him on to better achievement. One often gets the impression that the whole nation is being driven forward by a tremendous will to work and that each individual is animated by desire for Japan's greatness and power. Comparisons with Germany at the turn of the century often come to mind.

Many factories stimulate production by piece work, premiums, or public announcements of maximum and minimum production and by appeals to the 'sporting spirit' of the Japanese. A new tube factory in Yokohama has attained a production of between 70 and 80 tons per shift, that is about 150 tons of tubing a day. According to a German engineer, a European factory with the same equipment would be able to produce only about half as much. Yet this factory does not operate on a piece-work basis. That will be introduced early in the year to increase production still further. It is only a year old, and already it is planning to build a new plant for the manufacture of special tubes and fittings.

Who supervises the construction of these new factories? Foreign engineers build them, and foreign workers start them going. Foreign instructors remain in the service of the Japanese until the Japanese can get along without them. Then they are dismissed as was the case in Russia. A Swiss chemist working here is no longer allowed to enter the shops that he himself built only a short time ago.

In the smaller and technically less well-equipped factories a great deal is still done by hand that machines do elsewhere. Here manufacture in the exact sense of the word continues in the often overcrowded workrooms where cheap Japanese labor is employed. The labor conditions in such medium and small factories, notably the rubber-goods factories, do not come up to European standards in sanitation or fire protection. Side by side with the most modern factories, Japan still maintains conditions of labor such as Europe abandoned in the nineteenth century. In ramshackle wooden buildings often without any real heating facilities, the machines are crowded together, and people work at them, making tennis shoes for one Swiss franc, a dozen socks for 1.50 to 2 francs, and a dozen bathing suits for 10 francs. By way of contrast I saw in Otaru a tin-can factory in which 300 workers are going to produce two billion cans a year. Everything is completely automatic. The tin cans roll from one machine to another through two stories of the factory until they are ready to be shipped out in the cellar.

Japan is the land of contrasts. The old and the new exist side by side in its industry. But Japan is the land of tireless labor, of zeal for progress. As I look from the Maya Temple to hundreds of smoking chimneys in the factory district of Kobe-Osaka and survey the crowded harbors, I think of the cold factory chimneys at home.

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Here are some of the high and low spots that journalism in Paris has touched during the fifteen post-bellum years.

The Paris Post-War Press

By Jean Galtier-Boissière
and René Lefebvre

Translated from *Crapouillot*
Paris Topical Monthly

THE first great battle waged since the War by the big five Paris newspapers—the *Petit Parisien*, the *Journal*, the *Matin*, the *Petit Journal*, and the *Écho de Paris*—was against the *Quotidien*, which threatened to become a very dangerous competitor. Founded in 1923 by Henri Dumay, a deserter from the *Petit Parisien*, who had an admirable technical knowledge of popular newspapers, the *Quotidien* launched its career promising to bring new life to the French press and at the same time ranging itself against the 'money wall,' the venality of the other newspapers, and the monopoly of the Havas Agency.

'The *Quotidien*,' its programme proclaimed, 'will remain, we solemnly promise, totally independent toward governments, parties, groups, economic and financial powers.' It added, 'The *Quotidien* will not be content to remain free and honest itself. It has the ambition to impose honesty on other newspapers. It will advocate legal methods of publicly controlling newspaper finance. To purify the press is to purify the country.'

Unlike other big and small newspapers that live on powerful subsidies and occult resources, the virtuous *Quotidien* was launched on the seductive principle of selling its own stock to the general public as an independent, honest, free paper. More than sixty thousand investors, most of them state officials, professors, teachers, employees of the postal, telegraph, and telephone services, doctors, engineers, any number of small fry and modest pensioners, enthusiastically subscribed to this task of regenerating the press. From them Dumay received the sum of twenty-two million francs.

The publicity announcing the inception of the paper was remarkably

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skillful, but, just as the *Quotidien* was about to be published, the press of the *Petit Journal*, which had undertaken the printing job, refused to go through with it and thus delayed the appearance of the paper. When the *Quotidien* finally appeared, it was immediately subjected to a boycott organized by the consortium of the Big Five and by the Havas Agency. On July 28, 1923, the *Quotidien* issued this appeal to the public, 'The consortium of the five big Paris papers is conducting a campaign against us, to which we must reply in the law courts and even in Parliament but which has already yielded results to which we want to call immediate public attention. Newspaper vendors are being intimidated and threatened. They are forbidden to sell the *Quotidien* on pain of not being allowed to sell the *Matin*, the *Petit Journal*, the *Petit Parisien*, and the *Écho de Paris*. This unfair competition, this corrupt boycott, these malfeasances are subject to legal prosecution and give us the right to demand restitution in the law courts.'

The *Quotidien*, with its sixty thousand stockholder-subscribers, an unusual condition for a post-war newspaper, seemed to have sufficient power to hold off its rivals. Public opinion, whipped up by militant enthusiasts of the Left advocating honesty of the press, brought forth many sympathizers. The circulation increased steadily, and the consortium, whose manœuvres were denounced every day, found itself in a rather embarrassing position.

The *Matin* took the initiative in protesting and declared that it did not have any objection to the free circulation of the *Quotidien* but that since that newspaper had attacked it by name it was only normal that the *Matin* should not wish to be sold by the same newsstands that sold its defamer. In consequence, the newspaper vendors had to choose between which paper they could sell. The *Matin* added in a Jesuitical fashion, that the principle involved was not one of 'freedom of the press' but 'freedom of sale.' It wanted to leave the *Quotidien* free to print what it pleased but intended to prevent it from being sold.

The result was that the *Quotidien*, to which the five big newspapers were hostile, spent nearly all the funds of its stockholders getting started and paying its editor. The Havas Agency, working in collusion with the Big Five, naturally refused to place any advertising in the rival sheet, in spite of a circulation that justified a considerable amount. In order to continue his newspaper, Dumay soon found himself obliged to seek for money from the big economic organizations, who eagerly responded to his appeal, all too happy to get off so cheaply. But, when the honest, candid political editors of the paper, Aulard and Brisson, suspected this treason, they left the *Quotidien* followed by Albert Bayet and numerous collaborators.

Georges Boris, the secretary general, explained in his letter of resignation that the *Quotidien* seemed to be slipping over into the 'business' press and denounced his chief's double-dealing. He then enumerated the various sources of pressure that had been brought to bear on the editorial staff to halt certain campaigns or to modify the newspaper's orientation. The *Quotidien* had launched a campaign against the monetary policy of the Bank of France and, through Louis

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Roubaud, had asked that all the resources at the disposition of the Government be enlisted to defend the franc. The campaign was suddenly stopped.

An important member of the Chambre Syndicale des Pétroles boasted of having silenced the *Quotidien*. Georges Boris compared this statement with the fact that, when an amendment to the petroleum monopoly was discussed in the Chamber, Henri Dumay himself omitted from the account of the session everything favorable to the amendment. Even the insurance companies declared that they were sure that the *Quotidien* would not attack their privileges or would do so only very discreetly.

After his disillusioned honest associates had left and had attacked Dumay violently, he replied by publishing an astonishing pamphlet, declaring to his stockholders that he had accepted the financial support of the big economic organizations only in order to save their capital, which would have been irremediably lost otherwise. Some of the stockholders then heroically declared that they would prefer to lose their savings than to contaminate their interests with money from impure sources.

Later Dumay, having syndicated the financial section of the *Quotidien* to the *Gazette du Franc* for 165,000 francs a month, found himself in a delicate situation when its director, Madame Hanau, was arrested because of the pressure of the big banks. He hastily sold his personal holdings at par to M. Hennessy, and the *Quotidien* —'never sectarian, never neutral'— passed into the service of the personal ambition of a multimillionaire who, thanks to the power of his newspaper, achieved his dreams, became a Minister and later an ambassador.

The political 'line' of the *Quotidien* became more and more sinuous since it had to follow the necessities of the political career of a big cognac merchant. The *Quotidien* had been violently anti-Poincarist, and M. Hennessy himself, who was interested in nearly all the Left-wing newspapers, was supposed to have inspired the 'Poincaré-la-Guerre' campaign. But in 1928 Poincaré made M. Hennessy Minister of Agriculture, and the newspaper's tone changed immediately. Here is one of the most disheartening episodes in contemporary journalism. The *Quotidien* underwent the almost incredible history of being transformed from a newspaper founded in the name of independence, on the modest savings of masses of brave, enthusiastic people for the purpose of moralizing the press and defending republican institutions, and becoming, through the treason of its director, the organ of a ridiculous amateur dictator and the ultra-confidential gazette of a little pro-Fascist phalanx.

II

The most recent great offensive of the Parisian press—and it ended in triumph—is that of *Paris-Soir*. Originally launched by Eugène Merle, *Paris-Soir* underwent varying fortunes until the Prouvost-Béguin group —Prouvost being connected with the Roubaix textile industry and Béguin being a paper merchant—took control. Subsequently M. Prouvost became sole master.

A new formula was adopted, experimented with, and it may be characterized by the preponderant

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importance attached to these four elements: first, well-chosen and well-presented photographs; second, special correspondence written by famous writers or journalists; third, novelized biographies suited to the public taste; fourth, sport news to attract younger readers. The men behind *Paris-Soir* understand that the automobile, the cinema, and the radio have considerably enlarged the field of popular curiosity. How could the reader be moved by the petty adventures of some little country girl when there were gangsters in Chicago, convicts in Saint-Laurent, war in China, revolt in India, while men were killing each other for gold, oil, cocaine, or white slavery, while Mussolini, Stalin, Hitler, and Roosevelt issued their orders to millions of fanatics? What dispatches might be written—a thousand times more exciting than the little couplets on virtue-rewarded and crime-punished that our grandmothers loved to read.

The intrepid, great reporter, his pocket bulging with sensational photographs, has replaced the man of letters in the popular imagination, just as the movie star has eclipsed the tenor and the bullfighter of the 1900 period. Certain events that lent themselves to photographic treatment occurred at just the right time—the assassination of President Doumer in particular, and the clear, suggestive presentation of these events made the circulation of *Paris-Soir* grow by leaps and bounds until the innumerable complications of the Stavisky scandal brought it to its peak. For the first time in France, indeed in the whole world, an evening newspaper sold two million copies on certain days, thus surpassing by far its most popular morning competitors.

The very rapidity of this success might have led to grave financial difficulties in an organ that lacked the powerful financial support of *Paris-Soir*. Indeed, it is not the least curious aspect of newspaper economy that a publication that doubles or trebles its circulation very rapidly not only loses money but even, especially in America, may find itself compelled to suspend publication. The increased circulation occurs so suddenly that it completely upsets the advertising rates established on the basis of an earlier and smaller circulation. Because of the high cost of paper, big advertising contracts, which are usually drawn up a year in advance, cost money instead of bringing it in, and the newspaper is obliged every day to buy more paper for paid advertising pages and lose money. Moreover, in signing new contracts, it is very difficult to adjust the new rates to the real increase in circulation. An advertiser who pays 10,000 francs per insertion in a newspaper of fifty thousand circulation will refuse to pay ten times that amount or even five times as much when the same newspaper reaches a circulation of 500,000 copies.

III

The rather special success of *Paris-Soir* arises from various causes. Its first spurt seems to have been due to an unfortunate manœuvre by its chief competitor, the *Intransigeant*. The management of that newspaper, confident of the devotion of its public, decided to increase its already considerable profits by refusing to give credit for returned unsold copies and to demand full payment from the newsdealer even for those copies he

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did not sell. Now most evening papers are sold by hawkers, chiefly recruited from among the unemployed. They buy the paper at 14 francs a hundred from the newspaper office or at 15 francs a hundred from chief newsboys, who distribute them in each quarter. A chief newsboy with a good district can make as much as two to four hundred francs an evening. The hawkers therefore make ten or eleven francs for every hundred copies they sell.

When the *Intransigeant* decided not to take back unsold copies the hawkers sometimes found that they made only six, seven, or eight francs because of deductions for unsold copies. *Paris-Soir*, on the other hand, continued to take back unsold copies, and the hawkers therefore preferred to sell it. The newsstands followed suit, and people who found it hard to buy a copy of the *Intransigeant* bought *Paris-Soir* instead and became accustomed to its new formula. When the management of the *Intransigeant* discovered its mistake, it was too late. No doubt it consoled itself by estimating the considerable profits it was realizing because of declining circulation, for, although a newspaper changes its advertising rates when its circulation mounts, it does not cut them when it falls, and, paradoxical as it may appear, a sudden fall in circulation may for the moment bring considerable profits to the newspaper, which needs to buy less paper for the same amount of advertising.

To believe that *Paris-Soir* has taken over all the readers of the other evening newspapers would be a great mistake. A simple comparison of circulation proves it. The *Temps*, the *Débats*, and the *Liberté* go to a special public. The *Intransigeant*, which had a circulation of 400,000 before the rise of *Paris-Soir*, may have lost some of its readers, but this decline would not explain the formidable increase of its rival, which has now stabilized itself at a circulation of about 1,200,000.

The fact is that *Paris-Soir* has gathered a considerable proportion of its readers from the morning newspapers. Here is a rather unexpected social symptom. Many readers who buy only one paper prefer an evening one. This curious change of habit is no doubt explained by these two factors —first, the enormous number of radio sets that give an increasing number of French people news from the entire world when they wake up in the morning; second, general reduction of working hours. Clerks and workers leave their offices and factories much earlier than they used to. Formerly, they read their newspaper rather uncomfortably on the way to work. To-day, they prefer to read it more tranquilly at home or in a café.

IV

The prices of English newspapers vary from 35 to 70 centimes, Swiss newspapers sell for 50 centimes, American newspapers for 50 to 75 centimes, Dutch for one franc, and German for 60 to 90 centimes. The French daily, costing 25 centimes, is the cheapest in the world. Now the lower the price of a newspaper, the more one loses on paper and printing costs, and the more important other sources of income than circulation become. The expenses of a daily paper are so great that strict commercial advertising no longer suffices to balance its budget. Newspapers must therefore count on support of another kind. A single pro-

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prietor eager to play a political rôle, as Coty was on *Figaro* and as Hennessy was on the second *Quotidien*, may make his name famous. Others prefer to remain in the background, as M. François de Wendel, the chief stockholder in the old *Journal des Débats*, does.

Most daily papers no longer represent an idea or a difference in principle. They stand for big economic interests. The *Temps* represents the big coal and metal trusts and the insurance companies. The *Intransigeant* is directed by M. Louis-Louis Dreyfus, the wheat magnate, *Paris-Soir*, by M. Prouvost, representing the Roubaix-Tourcoing textile industry. Often the man who supplies the funds is an adventurer. Stavisky, later known as M. Alexandre, the originator of financial organizations with magnificent boards of directors, on which such figures as His Excellency M. de Fontenay, ex-ambassador to the Vatican, General Bardi de Fourtou, and former Police Prefect Hudelo served, feared the interested indiscretions of certain newspapers and therefore needed the support of the directors of certain papers.

Alexandre founded an advertising agency to give contracts to certain weeklies that might have been tempted to attack him. He then interested himself in two dailies, the *Volonté*, representing the Left, and the *Rempart*, representing the extreme Right. It made little difference to Stavisky what the political color of these two papers was, and undoubtedly he never directed the foreign or domestic policy of the newspapers he supported. He left the *Volonté* free to advocate Franco-German rapprochement and the *Rempart* free to make patriotic appeals for more heavy artillery and gun emplacements. He simply wanted to have put under obligation to himself two editors of newspapers with powerful political connections, capable of presenting him to important people who would invite him to dinner.

V

The hearings of the Stavisky investigating committee on May 18, 1934, when they questioned Camille Aymard, former director of the *Liberté*, throw a clear light on the occult resources of the big newspapers:—

'The Chairman: In November, 1932, Stavisky gives you a present of fifty thousand francs. You supposedly said to this proposal, "I have received a subsidy as all newspaper editors do, often bigger ones." You were supposedly able even to cite their names.

'Camille Aymard: That is inexact.

'Chairman: You did say, "The Bank of France, the Bank of Paris, Kreuger, the Comité des Forges, the Comité des Houillères, and so on are among the usual donators."

'Camille Aymard: Agreed.

'Chairman: A newspaper therefore does not live on circulation and advertising. You amaze me.

'Camille Aymard: Perhaps some may live on their commercial receipts, but most could not survive if they were not supported by their political friends or by big enterprises, which believe that the policy that the newspapers are pursuing is in conformity with their own interests and with their conception of the general interest.'

Certain mysterious agents known as distributors maintain contact between the big economic organizations

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and the press. Batiau, Alphonse Lenoir, Bourgarel, Mignon—these names mean nothing to the general public, yet they were among the most powerful men in the Third Republic. These big distributors, all of them multimillionaires who receive at least a ten-per-cent commission, are agents of corruption acting in behalf of the following interests:—

First, big economic organizations, oil interests, and arms merchants.

Second, railway companies, which are syndicated in order to defend their interests and have organized a common fund for corrupt purposes.

Third, the big banks, all of which, from the Bank of France down, have a special budget to pay for certain 'assistance' rendered in connection with their loans or issues.

'The newspapers,' M. Moreau, former governor of the Bank of France, declared, 'whether rightly or wrongly, and in my opinion wrongly, address themselves to all the banks. The newspapers cannot live without subsidies or advertising and merely from subscription revenue. These newspapers therefore come to us for help.'

Fourth, all the big companies, which have concessions to provide public services and which, when their concessions are to be renewed, need the support of the press.

Fifth, the world of entertainment, in which epic struggles occur to encourage or prevent the opening of new establishments or casinos, the world that patronizes night establishments. They must defend their interests since they make a great deal of money.

The arms merchants, like the stockbrokers, the big gamblers, and prostitution magnates subsidize newspapers to promote certain campaigns. But the most costly publicity is the kind that never appears. The largest budgets are the budgets of silence. It is no longer a question of launching a new production, a new trademark, a new name but of organizing silence concerning a firm, a date, a law, a catastrophe, or a crime. Silence costs so much in some cases that a certain blackmailer had the ingenious idea of charging for his blank pages. Here is the way he operated. Without receiving any order he would insert an enormous advertisement for a certain firm once, twice, ten times, so often that repeated insertions in his gutter sheet would lead the public to think that the firm in question had some scandal to conceal because it was placing so much advertising in a publication with no circulation. Finally, this free advertising became so compromising that the firm would offer to pay a large sum not to figure in the advertising pages of such a periodical.

Sixth, subsidies from the French Government and the colonial governments. During his testimony before the Stavisky investigating committee, former Premier Daladier made declarations of the first importance on the relationship between the Government and the daily papers. He declared that four-fifths of the newspapers were subsidized by both the French and the colonial governments. 'In the present state of the French press,' he stated, 'newspapers that live off their own work, their newsstand sales, subscriptions, advertising, and purely commercial sources are extremely rare.'

Seventh, subsidies from foreign governments. That newspapers take orders from foreign ambassadors and solicit funds to influence opinion is universally known. From the Doyen

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report of 1913, relating to the issue of bonds by the Ottoman treasury, which enabled Turkey to buy from Creusot the cannons that were used against us in 1914, to the Russian 'black book,' which was declared authentic by Poincaré himself, the list of 'purchases' is an edifying one and has never given rise to a single denial.

VI

Because of its network of correspondents, the Havas Agency is the queen of information in France. It gives the Paris newspapers news from the provinces and the provincial people news from Paris. It is the official agency through which governments and big boards of directors release their information to the press. It is the medium that politicians and leaders of political parties use to make their declarations, their professions of faith, or their denials.

In getting news from abroad Havas depends not only on special correspondents, it has contracts with all the big world agencies. Reuter's in England, the Deutsches Nachrichten Bureau in Germany, Stefani in Italy, the Agence Télégraphique Belge in Belgium, Fabra in Spain, P.A.T. in Poland, Rador in Rumania, Tass in the Soviet Union, Associated Press in the United States, and Rengo in Japan. It is noticeable that most of these agencies are either official or semi-official and are controlled by the various Governments. Aside from certain news addressed directly to their newspapers by special correspondents, an expensive method that can be employed only on special occasions, each country receives the news of other countries exclusively through the official voice of the Government of the country in question. France, for instance, or Havas, is informed about the English colonies, about Egypt or India, only through the English Reuter's agency and receives its news from the Far East, especially from China, by Rengo, the Japanese agency.

All world news communicated to the French public is therefore first transmitted through foreign agencies, then filtered through Havas, and the final version depends entirely on the directions that have been given either by the French Government that subsidizes Havas—in 1931 the Government contributed 36 million francs—or by the silent partners of the big French agency. French news dispatches are filtered into foreign countries by a curious method. Havas wants to satisfy at one and the same time its stockholders, especially the Banque de Paris et des Pays-Bas, its important subsidizer, the French State, and its allies, the great foreign agencies. To please everybody and not dissatisfy anyone, the agency makes use of varied combinations. For instance, certain releases are preceded by the statement, 'Notice: we communicate to you what follows under the heading "Particular."' In this case the name of Havas does not appear, and the dispatch is signed 'Privat.' 'A curious result,' the *Information Sociale* asserts, 'is that in this way the agency often informs foreigners better than it does its own French clients. For instance, when the Aéropostale scandal broke, a note from the Ministry invited Havas to release only official communiqués, but Havas did not stop sending under the signature "Privat" to Switzerland, Italy, and other countries all the scandalous de-

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tails that it kept from its French clients.'

When the Socialist *Populaire* announced bloody fighting in Morocco, Havas took care not to communicate the news to the French provincial journalists, but it released it abroad under the heading 'Particular.' It was even remarked in the agency, 'How eager Italy is for this kind of information.'

VII

The capital of the Havas Agency, which amounted to eight and a half million francs in 1879 when Baron d'Erlanger incorporated it, rose to eighteen and a half millions in 1920, 27,750,000 in 1921, 37 millions in 1922, 50 millions in 1924, 87 millions in 1927, and 105 millions in 1930. Whereas the English, German, and Italian agencies do not handle advertising, the Havas Agency also developed this department and after the War absorbed one of the largest publicity agencies, Lagrange et Cerf. In a very well-documented study that appeared in the magazine *Esprit*, M. A. Ulmann explains that the publicity Havas distributes falls into three groups:—

First, publicity given out by a government to prepare for its decisions or to support them, to suppress a scandal, or to conceal from the public the importance of certain foreign events that might lead public opinion to oppose the existing domestic policy.

Second, commercial advertising. Its experience and the technical knowledge of its staff enable Havas to convince the big firms that it is particularly well placed to distribute their advertising at the best rates and with the best possible returns.

Third, financial publicity. This means moulding opinion and creating a 'favorable atmosphere' for a certain stock, bond, or loan.

Havas thus receives money from the French State, money from manufacturers of national or colonial products, money from foreign governments, and commercial funds from most of the big French and foreign firms. Moreover, in order to suppress its competitors completely, Havas has profited from its preponderant position and has bought up two rival enterprises, so that it controls most of the big French advertising agencies, even most of the big billboard agencies, and the wireless. A veto from Havas on any publication is at once applied by all other advertising agencies since they are virtually affiliates of Havas itself. The economic crisis has served only to increase this monopoly. In spite of the activity of certain small, free agencies, or foreign agencies, Havas actually controls the whole advertising market in France.

Since 1918 it has won an unbroken string of victories. When the *Gazette du Franc* tried to act as advertising agent for certain newspapers, an unsigned article on the first page of the *Journal* provoked a panic and led to the arrest of the directors of the *Gazette*. In 1921 Havas prevented the *Petit Parisien* from putting through its great project of regional editions. It also prevailed successively over *Œuvre*, the *Quotidien*, and the *Ami du Peuple*. It even checkmated the multimillionaire Patenôtre, who had to give up the fight after having lost millions trying to launch the *Petit Journal*.

The Havas Agency not only handles all the advertising that goes into two

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hundred provincial journals and the four big Parisian newspapers, it also exercises effective control over the *Journal* and the *Petit Journal*. Finally, it openly inspires a journal of the Left, the *Œuvre*, and has an interest in a popular journal of the extreme Right, the *Ami du Peuple*.

Whereas in Italy and Germany, two countries living under dictators, the newspapers that have not been suppressed uniformly publish identical dispatches furnished by the powers that be, in France, where freedom of the press reigns, a powerful non-governmental organization possesses a quasi-monopoly of world news, of commercial and financial publicity, of subsidies and budgets of silence. It has at its mercy almost the entire daily press and makes it subject to the orders of the industrial and financial oligarchy. Finally, it controls various political organs, which it is clever enough to allow to preserve their own political character.

This official agency, which receives tens of millions of francs from the State, feels strong enough to launch at the demands of its clients campaigns of publicity openly directed against certain governmental manœuvres. Officially charged with French propaganda, receiving enormous colonial subsidies, the Havas Agency controls a certain 'organ of French solidarity' that is openly Fascist and that preaches the overthrow of the Republican régime. It is busy, through its own newspapers of opposed political views, in launching movements in various directions, and before the baton of the mysterious orchestra leader all cabinets bow down and tremble as American presidents used to bow down before the trusts. They know that a telephone call from Havas is enough to launch a press campaign from the Right or from the Left, to provoke a stockmarket panic or a spontaneous popular movement, to promote an uprising, to envenom a diplomatic situation, or to overturn a government.

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Two new books on Poland, both by native sons, present contrasting views of that country. A novelist dwells on the misery of the peasants; an economist urges subordination to Germany.

Poland, What *of the* Night?

POLES APART

I. NIGHT OVER POLAND

By K. VOLSKI

Translated from *Izvestia*, Moscow Official Government Daily

THE language of figures is highly suggestive. According to statistics there are in Poland 2,110,000 small peasant farms, each one of which covers a territory of less than five hectares, of which 1,110,000 include less than two hectares. And seven and a half million Polish peasants own no land at all. The pauperized population of the country districts forms an army of eighteen millions, or more than eighty per cent of the rural inhabitants.

According to statistics issued by Polish scientific institutes, fifty-five per cent of all farms run at a loss. The net profit from a hectare of land fell from 210 zlotys in 1928 to 11 zlotys in 1932. During three years of the crisis the consuming power of the small farm fell by 50 per cent. The average yearly expenditure of a small farmer for cultural needs, including stamps and schoolbooks for his children, is only 72 groschen.

Before the War a peasant with 26 acres of land paid taxes equal to the cost of 225 kilograms of rye. To-day, his taxes are valued at 1,000 kilograms of rye. The indebtedness of the rural population in actual borrowings, back taxes, and so forth is estimated at four and one half billion zlotys.

No post-war Polish writer has

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described the ocean of human sorrow and poverty beneath these figures. Officially recognized men of letters, venerable academicians, and respectable novelists turned away from contemporary reality, thinking thereby to avoid the necessity of answering many pressing questions. But this little game of hide-and-seek could not go on forever. Life impolitely knocked at the door. While old men searched the dust of the ages for something worthy of their pens, a group of young writers arose and broke the chains that conventional literature had fastened on such problems as unemployment, vagrancy, and rural pauperism.

II

Ialu Kurek, one of these young men, is the author of a recent novel entitled *Influenza Rages in Naprava*. Here he gives us a heart-rending picture of rural degradation in a village of three thousand inhabitants. The action of the novel is unrolled first in the starving village of Naprava and then in the hamlet of Iordanov, which is up to its ears in poverty. The country starves because tradition sanctifies starvation. As the peasant Voitek Panek tell us, 'They beat us in the past, and they'll beat us in the future. In the past our overlords beat us, and to-day our overlords beat us. The noblemen sit on top. Their evil blood feeds on the peasantry, and they strip us of our small savings—like the bark on a tree.'

The action takes place in 1934. The author pitilessly discloses the decay of rural and provincial life. He sees no solution to the situation he describes; indeed, he seeks none.

'There is no joy in Poland and never will be,' the provincial philosopher Korabiovski remarks. Ialu Kurek's novel is saturated with the deepest pessimism and shows that life has reached an impasse. Not in vain did Polish critics remark that the young author was deeply influenced by the French writer Céline and his *Journey to the End of the Night*. Kurek has made a journey to the end of the Polish night.

Naprava is just like thousands of other Galician villages. Its fundamental ills are typical of Polish rural life in its entirety. Kurek breaks completely away from the traditional idealization of country life that has been the specialty of 'city dwellers who go to the country for their vacation or for a short excursion.' Real country life is harsh and unattractive. The people 'go barefoot and in rags, and for months they do not see a coin worth a single zloty. Here the forest never sings. The forest gives one unchanging answer to the country—hatred.' Kurek describes country life in all its terrible reality. Let us give him the floor.

'In April hunger set in. Here and there hand-mills would grind, pulverizing the grain for Easter cakes, but the poor people, those who had a small parcel of land or no land at all, that is to say, the entire population of Naprava, were hard up for food.'

Toward fall hunger set in seriously.

'Late in the autumn the whole village starved. Since there was no grain, people sold their cattle, and prices collapsed. Families were deprived of milk, and there was only one pig to every ten farms. The peasants mixed flour with oatmeal, vetch, ground beets, and weeds. The children suffered most of all.'

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But it was not only in Naprava that hunger raged.

'News reached Naprava from the neighboring villages at some distance from the railroad track that the poverty-stricken populace was eating clay, frozen potatoes, or birch-bark slightly adulterated with flour, which they had gathered or stolen. The hunger is terrible, but this kind of food just can't be swallowed, and it kills off the children.'

How do the people live in 'more normal times'?

'They live like dogs, eating sour bread and soup made of flour and water. The bread falls like a stone in one's stomach and removes all hunger. Milk, potatoes, pancakes, sour soup—these are the delicacies in a peasant's fare.'

The countryside enjoys few of the benefits of civilization. 'A third of the entire village has never ridden on a train. A half has never drunk either coffee or tea. Almost no one knows that sugar exists.'

The contact between the oppressed country and the Government occurs exclusively through the bailiff and the policeman. The bailiff takes away the cow for back taxes, and the policeman beats the peasants. Everyone here lives as if under martial law. One must pay taxes, fines, and insurance promptly or lose one's property. But where is the money to come from? Prices for straw and hay have collapsed. With tears in their eyes peasants at the market beg the merchant to pay them twelve zlotys for a calf. The merchant laughs and gives them eight. And with this money a peasant can't buy even a measure of oats for planting, for they have devoured all the seeds during the winter.

One day a rebellion occurred in the village. 'When the bailiff took away a sick widow's cow for back taxes, two peasants went to the city police station. They had no success. The widow was left with a three-year-old child. At the time of the fair a crowd of peasants gathered and marched to the magistrate, demanding the return of the cow that the bailiff had taken illegally. Some old woman or other then told the police that a peasant revolution had started against the magistrate.'

The affair ended in the usual way. The militia was called out. The peasants were scattered far and wide, and five arrests were made. At the trial all five peasants testified that the policeman used to beat them. 'While they were saying that he beat them up, he stood blowing out his cheeks and smiling ironically. Then he clicked his spurs and spat.'

What work must one do to earn a single zloty? 'All Monday Leoska churned butter. Then she went to market in Rabka to sell her butter and cheese. She had difficulty in selling the butter for one zloty, and no one would buy the cheese. She walked eleven kilometres and earned one zloty for the milk and the butter she had collected from two cows in three days.' And a man's earnings are no higher. 'All day Voitek mowed the field by the river for a plate of *borshch* at dinner-time and one zloty, which he carefully wrapped in a little piece of rag and hid behind the icon.'

Life is dark, and death appears as a kind of deliverance. People say goodby to the world without regret. 'They are poverty-stricken, and with the little strength that is left them they struggle with the land. The land does

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not increase, but the children grow more numerous. A horse would die from less, but a man will endure.'

'None of the men over thirty pay any attention to love. They procreate darkly, in a spirit of Christian dutifulness, no more.'

III

Death dominates Kurek's novel. A great many of the characters die, and masses of those who have no active part in the story but serve as background die, too. 'Naprava sends its heroes to the cemetery oftener than it sends chickens to the Iordanov market.' The poor country doctor, who always comes just a little late,—that is, when the sick man is already dead,—invariably diagnoses the case as influenza. For it is officially announced that influenza is raging in Naprava. The doctor and, of course, the author are rather skeptical of this universal influenza. It looks more like hunger typhus or plain hunger.

Hopelessness, pessimism, and apathy permeate the work of this young, talented writer. Kurek avoids the Government's patriotic phraseology. 'Everyone says that Poland is free, that she has become an independent Power. That is all very well, but no one describes her poverty. No journalist will consider the misery in the country districts. These mighty fellows are not interested in rural distress.'

The bureaucratic onslaught of 'civilization' upon this wild village brings an ironic smile to the author's lips. 'Like every other village, Iordanov has a Roman-Catholic church, a synagogue, a police station, and even, God forgive us, a court, the charitable gift of a Government hundreds of miles away.' Kurek instinctively feels the approach of the revolution. 'Some peasants don't know that Emperor Francis Joseph is dead and that they are no longer Austrian citizens. But they all believe in the revolution, which they even think is taking place already.' But only a few pages later the author consoles himself and his hero with the following words, 'No one knows when the revolution will come.' So what is one to do?

Unexpectedly, in the concluding pages of the novel, two unfortunate men whom the Republic failed to provide with jobs, Andreï Glaz and Sigmund Shchepanek try to sum up what has gone before. The philosophy teacher then speaks a new language: 'This Podgale district (a part of western Galicia near the Carpathians) serves too few people. Many more must come here, begin to work vigorously on this land, and bring mass pressure to bear against nature. We have the most sterile land in Poland. Let our rebellion be collective and heroic. This land must yield us more.'

Sigmund guesses his friend's thoughts. 'You are yearning for the tractors.'

Where do these new phrases come from—'shock-brigade work,' 'mass pressure,' 'tractors'? They are almost forbidden, they are called 'anti-governmental' words in Poland. In the remote districts that Kurek describes the so-called 'east wind,' which all the statutes of the Government condemn, has wrought havoc. And no wonder. So much peasant sorrow has accumulated in Naprava that people cannot help thinking of tractors and of the country where the tractor is no longer a dream, where the peasants, joining their efforts and arming them-

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selves with tractors, have declared war against poverty and the idiocy of peasant life under the old régime.

But the author thinks twice and quickly replies, 'This is impossible. The peasants are ignorant and stupid. And the Government will not give any money for this plan.' Ialu Kurek, the author of an excellent novel, who made a journey to the end of the Polish night but who feared the dawn, clearly understands that although the peasant is ignorant he is not so naïve as to think that tractors appear on poverty-stricken land as a gift from a decaying, capitalist government.

II. The Nazi Dawn

By Rudolf Herrnstadt

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin National-Socialist Daily

AN EXHAUSTIVE work has recently appeared in Warsaw by the Polish political publicist, Wladyslaw Studnicki, who has written what is in many respects his ablest book, *Europe's Political System and Poland.*

First, a word or two about the personality of the author. Studnicki, who is to-day an old man, is one of the few Polish politicians who have stuck to their original convictions throughout the disturbing changes of the past thirty years. Long before the War Studnicki maintained that Poland could arise and exist only with the aid of Germany and by means of the closest possible alliance with Germany. For this reason he supported Pilsudski's legion until it turned against the Central Powers in the summer of 1917. After the War, Studnicki, a citizen of Wilno, played an active part in the group that published the Wilno *Slowo* and also supported Pilsudksi because he advocated monarchy, friendly relations with Germany, and a definitely anti-Russian policy. As an unattached individual in the political life of Poland, Studnicki has often aroused political discussion and attracted attention to himself. This has again happened in the case of his latest book.

Studnicki defines his position in these words, 'Poland and Germany might become the foundation of a tremendous Central European bloc, which would have to include Austria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Greece, Turkey, and the Baltic States—a bloc with 200 million inhabitants. Such a bloc would be an economic and military Power of the first rank. Germany would naturally have to take first place, but the second place would belong to Poland. Poland nourishes no hatred of Germany. It merely feels Germany's numerical, material, and cultural superiority and would be afraid of dealing with Germany alone. But it would have no hesitation about entering a bloc with other states that are seeking Poland's support and that would give Poland a certain amount of support in return—a bloc that would amount to an economic and political alliance.'

This thesis is buttressed by numerous arguments. Neither Poland nor Germany is in a position to enter a 'bloc alliance' with Russia. Poland is

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prevented by a different economic system; a bloc with Russia would open the door to Communism. Once a Russian army set foot on Polish soil its chief concern would be to change the economic system. Germany can not enter such a bloc because German technicians, instructors, and machinery have tapped Russia's natural wealth and made the country a dangerous threat to Germany. Their geographic position dictates even more unmistakably that Germany and Poland must live either in alliance with one another or in a state of hostility. But only Germany can become the 'central point of crystallization' for a European bloc, not France, 'which has betrayed Europe, which has played traitor to the white race in behalf of the African Negro, which is thinly populated, and which lacks the possibilities of growth and technical equipment.' Either Germany must play this leading rôle or fall victim to the expansion of Russia and the political supremacy of France. But Poland must choose between taking its stand by the side of Germany or becoming a pawn in the game of encirclement that France and Russia are playing against Germany. The author asks whether a genuine Polish-German rapprochement is possible—that is, whether it conforms to the desires of the two peoples—and gives an uncompromisingly affirmative answer.

The book raises many other questions—the League of Nations, Franco-Polish relations, and Anglo-Polish relations. It also contains many original ideas and has aroused lively interest in Poland. The immediacy of the problems that it raises will not be denied even by those who oppose the solutions offered.

Göring's Connubial Pyjamas

His Excellency Mr. Göring was walking along the Unter den Linden with his fiancée, Miss Sonnemann, a Berlin artist. The Minister and his companion paused before the luxurious display of the Braun haberdashery.

'What lovely pyjamas,' the Minister murmured as they entered the store.

The salesmen recognized the Minister and rushed to serve him. Mr. Göring caressed the pyjamas and chose six, which he asked to have wrapped up. Just then an idea flashed through his mind: 'Braun . . . is this an Aryan establishment?'

How could they deceive a Reich Minister on this point? Blushing, the salesmen had to confess the awful truth: the owner of Braun and Co. was a Jew. Mr. Göring paled; what was he to do, *mein Gott?* He left the pyjamas, took Miss Sonnemann's arm, and, his head in the air, marched out.

But on the following day Miss Sonnemann returned to Braun's store on the Unter den Linden alone. She asked to have the six pyjamas chosen by her fiancé the day before wrapped up and walked out of the store with the package under her arm.

— *Vu*, Paris

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Persons and Personages

A Visit to Piccard

By G. Prokofiev

Translated from *Pravda*, Moscow Official Communist Party Daily

DURING my recent stay in Paris I received a letter from Professor Piccard in which he said, 'I shall be very happy to see you in Brussels. Here, in the university, we are keeping two stratostat cabins, in which I flew into the stratosphere. You will see the instruments that I used for research work and the new implements that we are preparing for future flights. We shall exchange memories about our past experiences and opinions with regard to the unexpected catastrophe that befell the Russian stratostat *Osoaviakhim* and the unsuccessful flight of the American stratostat *Explorer*. I spent many interesting moments looking at your exhibits in the Paris show.'

It was with a feeling of great joy that I accepted this invitation, and a few days later I set out for Brussels. At the station Professor Piccard and his two fellow fliers, Cosyns and Kepfer met me. They are all young. Cosyns and Kepfer are not over thirty, and Piccard, who is only forty, is energetic and alert. He is very interested in sports and travel. 'I know the Alps as well as I know myself,' he says.

Piccard is a professor at the University of Brussels. He spends a great part of his time, however, organizing future work for the exploration of the stratosphere. Interested parties not only in Belgium but in foreign countries draw practical benefits from Piccard's flights. To-day a stratoplane is being constructed in Belgium, the builders of which are closely connected with Piccard and benefit by his advice and direction.

Professor Piccard shows me the instruments and cabins of the stratostats and gives me a detailed account of his plans for the near future. He is now preparing an ascent of 30,000 metres, but he still lacks money to put it through. Possibly he will be accompanied on this expedition by the publisher of several Belgian newspapers who finances him.

Theoretically, all explorations of the higher atmospheric strata are under the direct patronage of the Royal Belgian Scientific Society. But this patronage is purely theoretical. Piccard is left to his own devices, and his school spends a great deal of energy and time collecting funds for scientific work. 'Finding money for experimentation and flight,' Piccard says, 'plays an important rôle with us.'

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Several foreign papers published interviews with Piccard relating to his next flight. Since these interviews were written in the tone of advertisements, Piccard has received many offers from different firms to furnish him with the necessary material for his stratostat. Some samples are very interesting, particularly a group of textiles as much as a metre and a half wide.

Piccard's closest assistant, Cosyns, is a talented, promising engineer. He works in the physical laboratory of a Brussels hospital, and he is now completing the reconstruction of the Geiger-Müller counter and the Wilson cloud chamber to study cosmic rays. After Cosyns has completed various medical analyses in the hospital laboratory, he is permitted to use the hospital instruments and equipment to build the apparatus necessary for his exploration. And Cosyns is not the only one in Belgium who has to work under such conditions.

In spite of these difficulties, however, Piccard and his fellow workers are diligently preparing themselves for their next flight. Besides the Geiger-Müller counter and the Wilson cloud chamber, they are preparing special instruments to determine the composition of the air, solar radiation, and atmospheric ozone, and they are constructing special cameras to take photographs from great altitudes. Piccard is one of those scholars who maintain that cosmic rays originate near the earth. In his next flight he will explore one of the most important spots for the study of this phenomenon.

'Your 19,000-metre ascent,' Piccard remarks, 'confirmed the progressive intensity of ionization, but it remains to be seen what lies above 19,000 metres. Thus far we do not know, and therefore a flight to the highest possible altitude acquires special significance. The sensation is new to me, and the problem is too complicated for me to formulate as yet a complete theory with regard to cosmic rays. We have made three flights and already have material that enables us to draw certain conclusions concerning the power of these rays. However, many experiments remain to be performed. And that is why we devote so much time to building apparatus that will give absolutely sure results. It is this branch of activity that explains the small number of our actual flights.'

In preparation for the next expedition, Piccard and his school have learned how to use and construct instruments to determine the speed and direction of winds in the upper strata and vertical currents in the atmosphere. The three flights the Belgians made were undertaken in a balloon that was built in 1931 and that uses a resistant ring attached to the appendix at the lower end of the balloon to control the escape of gas. This ring makes it possible for the stratostat to retain its shape as it deflates, and it also considerably reduces the burden of wasteful ballast.

Of all the flights made in Belgium, Cosyns's 1934 expedition was

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the most important from a scientific point of view. In a few hours air currents carried the stratostat a thousand kilometres, the maximum speed being achieved at a height of 12,000 to 16,000 metres. Cosyns measured the cosmic rays and tested the instruments for the study of vertical currents. Photographs taken from a height of 16,000 metres with a radius of visibility of 400 kilometres make a remarkable impression. One can clearly see the landscape below—rivers, mountains, and wooded hills. The photographs are taken by infra-red rays through the clouds.

Piccard believes that gondolas made of one piece are the most practical from the point of view of weight.

'What kind of gondola will you use in your 30,000-metre flight?' I asked him.

'I have not yet decided,' he replied.

DURING the flight the windows of the cabin become clouded. Piccard put a little moisture-absorbing compound between the glass. The result has been gratifying. Indeed, during his 1934 flight, Cosyns was able to take wonderful pictures through the glass. The photographic apparatus in the gondola is particularly interesting because of its simplicity. The windows are the weakest spots, so that Piccard decided to use double glass, thus precluding the danger of an aperture in the hermetically sealed gondola. In the opinion of Belgian stratostat experts, there is no necessity to use liquid oxygen, and the apparatus to eliminate carbon dioxide may be connected automatically.

They are eagerly anticipating the forthcoming flight of Emilio Herrera, director of the Spanish Aviation Institute, who is planning to fly to a height of 25,000 metres in an open gondola. Piccard thinks that, if Herrera cannot heat his gondola and rid it of moisture by covering it with ice, he will run great risks. The chief problem with these open cars is heating, de-humidifying, and ventilation.

In my conversation with Professor Piccard we touched upon the problem of safety in flight. Safety means protecting the balloon from the devastating action of atmospheric ozone. In building his new stratostat after long experiments, Piccard decided to cover the outer part of the balloon with silk instead of rubber. He left the rubber only on the inner surface. This change will permit gases to penetrate more easily, but it will not have any fundamental importance.

The temperature in the balloon will be higher than the temperature of the surrounding atmosphere. 'We have not yet reached the time when we can forget the experiments performed by the Mongolfier Brothers, who used heated air in their flights,' Piccard concludes.

Great attention is given to the organization of ground work in con-

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nection with stratosphere flights. The balloon is washed out with nitrogen or carbon dioxide.

'When we shall have explored the stratosphere,' Piccard says, 'humanity will acquire interesting knowledge, which will possess great practical significance.'

The casualties that have taken place have not dampened Piccard's enthusiasm. Abroad people think that the Russian stratosphere heroes, Fedoseenko, Vasenko, and Usiskin, perished because of unfavorable flying conditions and insufficient knowledge of the stratosphere. On the other hand, the tragedy that befell the American stratostat *Explorer* was due to the fact that the balloon fabric gathered in folds.

This is the stage we have reached in our exploration of the stratosphere. Over a year has passed since the heroic tragedy of the Soviet fliers. At the time when Fedoseenko, Vasenko, and Usiskin built their stratostat, no one anywhere understood the interconnection of the complicated problems that they faced. History has seen many sacrifices to the cause of science and technical advancement. But we should fight for victory without sacrifice.

The Soviet stratostat fliers died in the name of science, and humanity will never forget them. They will always remain a bright spot in our struggle against the forces of nature. The past year has been one of determined experimental work. We are stronger to-day than we were a year ago. As we organize the conquest of the stratosphere by all the means at our disposal, we are determined not only to hold our ground but to rise even higher than 22,000 metres.

A Visit to Sir James Frazer

By Edmond Jaloux

Translated from the *Temps*, Paris Semi-Official Daily

SIR JAMES FRAZER visited Paris a few days ago. He comes here frequently and often stays long, for he has many friends here and likes to work in our city, where he leads a life that is both industrious and worldly. For this admirable scholar is profoundly sociable. He finds that his acquaintances divert him from his enormous tasks. Thus we recently had the pleasure of meeting him.

What strikes me especially in Sir James Frazer's face is the brilliance and the color of his eyes: they are an extraordinary blue, a real sapphire blue. His whole expression reflects great powers of attention and meditation. He has almost the face of a doctor. His look of close application, his short, white beard, and his tightened lids behind his glasses suggest

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someone who is more accustomed to taking a patient's pulse than to exploring those primitive abysses in which the gods of man slowly came to life. At the same time Sir James Frazer is light, agile, quick, in spite of his age, for he will soon be eighty-two years old, and his restless mind forever extends its immense scope and devises new projects.

This pensive Scotchman, the son of a minister, holds the exercise of thought an almost sacerdotal duty and love of truth a prime obligation. This love of truth has led him to survey customs and superstitious traditions thousands of years old in order to discover the first outlines of man's intuition and experience, and he has made a wealth of observations and commentaries, the most famous of which are set down in *The Golden Bough*, a major work, to which he has devoted the greater part of his life. But that book does not represent his entire contribution. His work on Pausanias is as well known as his researches into the origins of magic or the folklore of the Old Testament. He has even written about Molière and Condorcet. Sir James Frazer combines an encyclopedic mind with the spirit of a man of letters. Unlike many scholars, he writes a supple, firm, and musical English, which is in itself a true delight for the ear and the intelligence.

Sir James Frazer, I know, has small sympathy for Dr. Sigmund Freud's psychology. Yet it would be difficult to overlook Freud's name when we investigate original sources. I cannot refrain from noting in connection with the discoveries made by the author of *The Golden Bough* that one of the peculiarities of our time has been this passionate study of the primitive human kernel, practised by Sir James Frazer, on the one hand, and by M. Lévy-Bruhl and Doctors Freud and Jung, on the other. I should like to add that even certain literary figures—Marcel Proust, Virginia Woolf, and James Joyce—evince the same preoccupation. This vast inquiry, undertaken by entirely different people with different opinions and methods, is none the less peculiar to our epoch and will remain one of the characteristics that will hold the attention of our successors. The ideas of mankind that we shall leave behind us will not be quite the same as the ones we received from our predecessors. And this is important.

Certain races to-day are especially concerned with our psychological origins. The Germans, for instance, have produced a great number of very curious works on mythology and eagerly seek for some direct link with a national myth, which, in their case, is of Scandinavian and especially of Icelandic origin.

This kind of research, moreover, is not without danger and disappointment, for, though the modern world is developing a mechanical conception of society while the individual retreats little by little before the machine and autocratic social forms, we encounter, on the other

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hand, primitive man, who has no more personal control and autonomous personality than an ant. All our beliefs in liberty and the rational consciousness are thus crushed between the terrible cogs of present and future.

Is it in honor of the new year that a translation of one of Sir James Frazer's works has just been published? The book deals with the myth of Balder, the myth about the mysteries of the oak and the mistletoe, mysteries that are particularly close to us since the very first ideas that we acquired about French history introduced us to the customs of the Druids.

Discussing the mistletoe, Pliny wrote, 'One should not fail to mention the admiration in which mistletoe was held throughout Gaul. The Druids, as these magicians are called, think that nothing is more sacred than the mistletoe and the tree on which it grows, so long as the tree is an oak. Moreover, they choose oak groves for their sacred forests, and they perform no sacred rite without using oak leaves, so that the very name of Druid may be regarded as a Greek form derived from their worship of the oak. For they believe that everything growing on these trees comes from Heaven and indicates that God Himself has marked the tree.'

Sir James Frazer has ransacked the customs and ideas of all peoples —for his work is a real ethnographical puzzle—to discover why the oak was considered sacred. All that can be found are analogies, and we all know the bizarre associations of magical ideas in which our ancestors believed. In Cambodia, when one sees an orchid growing on a tamarind, one must put on white clothes, take a new porcelain bowl, climb the tree at noon, pluck the plant, put it in the bowl, and drop the bowl to the ground. Then one boils the plant in water, for its essence confers invulnerability. This idea arises from the parasitical nature of the plant, from the fact that it occupies a privileged position on the tree, since it has achieved relative security above the ground and is sheltered from certain dangers that threaten the tree that supports it. It was thus perfectly normal in the eyes of primitive people that the owner of this plant should enjoy the same advantages by virtue of that secret association and by virtue of an identity of images, characteristic of magic. To this day in the Argovie Canton in Switzerland mistletoe is considered a cure for all children's diseases.

THIS Balder the Magnificent plays a considerable rôle in all Scandinavian beliefs, and Sir James Frazer has used him as a key to unlock the very heart of a network of superstitions that covers the entire world. In the primitive story, Balder was killed by a mistletoe branch and burned in a great fire. Without the help of Sir James Frazer, this might

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seem obscure to us, but his comparative studies in religion aid us to find our way through this labyrinth of mysterious ideas. Sir James Frazer believes that in primitive times it was not a tree that was burned in Scandinavia at midsummer but a real man, who was supposed to incarnate the tree. Sir James took a current phenomenon, the meaning of which we no longer understand, as his point of departure—the midsummer fires—and from there made his way back to the first manifestations of our intelligence at grips with the enigmas of the cosmos.

At the end of the second century B.C. our distant ancestors, the Celts, held their criminals who were condemned to death and sacrificed them to their god at a great feast, which took place every five years. On that occasion they built colossal images made of reeds or of wood and herbs. These they filled with men and different kinds of animals and set them on fire to insure the greatest possible fertility to the earth. Sir James Frazer believes that the giant statues paraded through Douai and Dunkirk during certain holidays are descended from these images. The same thing is true in Flanders and the Brabant.

I myself have seen at Marseille a crude human image or a bough with a more definite form than the others thrown into the fire during the midsummer celebrations now held in honor of St. John. After that one had to jump over the fire. When I used to perform this childish rite, I had no idea that I was following a tradition that can be traced back to the second century before Christ although its first manifestations are obscured in darkness.

As I write these lines, I look back into my childhood and see a large terrace overshadowed with pines, which are made enormous by memories. One could see the ocean extending to the horizon. In the evening of June 24 the peasants living on the property brought branches and pine cones, which burned quickly. Then we set off a few rockets, and, when the fire had abated, my father, my uncle, my cousin, and I leaped over the flames followed by the servants. That was supposed to bring us luck. For a long time I thought it was a local custom of Provence, but as I think back on it to-day I feel particularly proud that I established a tie between the Celts and myself through a myth almost as old as our race. If my parents had known that they were taking part in a magic ritual, they would perhaps have been mortified. I do not have this feeling. On the contrary, I am glad to have participated, even without knowing it, in a set of beliefs that bind men so closely to the phenomena of the outer world.

It remains to be seen why the mistletoe had such great importance. Sir James Frazer has already told us that it owed some of its powers to its independent and rootless character. He adds that it must have appealed to the imagination of primitive peoples because it remained green

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even when the tree grew yellow. Also, we must remember that the mistletoe became famous because of its affection for the oak, which had always played an especially important rôle in ancient beliefs as it is so often struck by lightning. Statistics have shown, moreover, that for some mysterious reason oaks attract the fire of Heaven more than birch trees of the same height. No one knows why. When primitive people saw that the holy fire plunged into certain trees, they supposed that it lived there, and certain customs of Saxon peasants and Indians in British Columbia and California suggest that this idea is still fairly widespread.

Since our ancestors thought that lightning preferred the oak to all other trees, they endowed it with a sacred importance, and by the same token the mistletoe became consecrated. We must therefore suppose that, if Balder incarnated the tree, the mistletoe symbolized lightning. After his death Balder was supposed to return to the fire, the element of light and warmth. In certain countries he may even have been assimilated by the sun. At any rate, he is the spirit of vegetation, and his death is the sign of fertility, for it signifies that he will be reborn.

All these old ideas are obscure because they resemble one another and become confused. They become at once more complicated and more simplified as one returns to the same myths by the most devious paths. Sir James Frazer is an incomparable guide in this labyrinth, and we have followed him passionately. But, if the problem has been pushed back, it is not completely solved. It remains to be seen why primitive man felt the need to establish a law or a set of laws between the outside world and himself, instead of letting himself go haphazardly, and why, therefore, he no sooner emerged from darkness than he created metaphysics.

Jean Giono

By Hans Flemming

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin National-Socialist Daily

THE automobiles go from Grenoble along the Route d'Hiver des Alpes to Nice or else to Aix and Marseille. It is always a delightful and happy journey. The passengers are a brilliant mixture of southern French people, students, and international tourists, and their course rises and falls among the mountains and through the luxurious fruit country. The chauffeur's black eyes sparkle. He knows everybody along the road. He shouts to the peasants in the field, calling them by their first names, but he is most fond of the ladies he meets. Where does this fine, dark fellow lavish all his love?

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He picks up many girls, carries them a few kilometres, and God knows in what coin they pay him. He drinks many apéritifs behind the pretty pearl curtains that hang in many of the little stations. Thus, our beloved, smiling, yet careful driver takes us to Manosque, the old walled town in the Durance Valley.

Here in Manosque, his birthplace, the Provençal writer Jean Giono lives and dreams. Fame came to him overnight, and the world stretched out its arms to him, but he remains in his mother's home. Manosque and its immediate surroundings provide the screen on which he projects an entire world. He has dug himself into this earth by the River Rhône and its contributory streams. If he ever breaks away, his path does not take him much farther than the plateau where the winds rage and blow white, choking dust in the faces of the shepherds. The farmyards up here lie at wide intervals from each other. Life is hard, whereas in the river valleys the cypresses can hardly preserve their serious air because the soil is so fruitful under the sun of the Provence. Yet, in the background, the massive blue mass of the Lure Mountain broods and threatens—an earnest, ever-recurring theme in Giono's work. The poet and his landscape are a unity, leading a combined plant and animal existence, which one must know in order to understand him completely.

On March 30 Giono was forty years old. His father was a shoemaker. His mother came from Paris and did ironing in Manosque. After attending school and the local college, their only son entered a bank. What did he read first? The Bible and Homer had to suffice for his beginnings, and perhaps they still suffice. He fought in the World War as a soldier on the front. After his return, he began his literary efforts. Lucien Jacques, the poet and painter, 'discovered' him. The Paris newspapers and magazines now print every word he writes while he himself remains firmly rooted in Manosque, dividing his time between the pen and the spade, cultivating and planting his own fruit and wine garden.

Giono's books smell of the earth. Yet this form of praise is often proffered and bestowed rather too profusely. Sharp distinctions must be made between writers of the soil. Here, however, a special destiny of the soil seems to have made its appearance. We find ourselves drawing comparisons between the Norwegian Hamsun, although he lives in a different emotional world from the inhabitant of the Provence.

Giono does not derive his strength from the soil. He transforms it within himself, an almost ghostly, often painful transformation, such as occurred in the restless spirits of Dante's Hell, who changed from human form into snakes. The poet no longer describes. His blood and bones, his flesh and soul turn into soil, wheat, trees, animals, bushes. He is the wind laden with the smell of oranges or blowing icy-cold over the high plateau. He is the cloud that hangs threateningly over the Lure Mountain.

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Only two of Giono's novels have been translated into German—*Récolte* and *Colline*. They do not provide sufficient basis for us to form a complete opinion of him, but they do illuminate his character. *Colline* describes the power that a mountain gains over the city that it overlooks. The mountain is not a rise in the ground but a great ruler with his own special ideas and plans. He brews and cooks. He provides water when he chooses or sends forth drought. The mountain lives. He is a character with whom one must not trifle, as all the peasants know. But they have no contact with him. Only one old man has ever dared to establish contact, and for that reason the peasants want to kill him. Whereupon the old magician and medicine man dies a natural death, and, lo and behold, at that very moment the song of the spring that has run dry makes itself heard, and the mountain again provides protection for its children.

This is one side of Giono, deification of nature, demonism without æstheticism, perfectly genuine and animated by a perceptive soul. For him Pan never dies. He shows his other side in the novel *Récolte*, which is a virile, active, enthusiastic return to the peasantry. A young fellow carries away a girl like an animal. The lust of procreation and the desire to till the soil overcome them both. While the child is stirring in the mother's body, the husband brings his first sack of wheat to the market, and he cannot open his laborer's hand because it is torn and bloody from gripping the threshing flail.

GIONO'S characters are primitive folk. They are naked, shameless, yet shy. They are full of vigor and innocent. They hunt and murder, and they are full of pity. They are fishermen, hunters, shepherds, peasants, settlers, cattlemen, fighters. The women want children, and, by Heaven, there is no dearth of men who will help them have these children. But, behind all this activity, one purpose remains—to establish the family and the soil on which it will live. Intoxication is a virtue. Giono, the heathen, acts like an early Christian. God the Father goes about like a peasant in a rough woolen coat with bone buttons and takes under his protection creatures that man has maltreated. Giono is an enthusiastic collector of the popular songs of his Provençal home. From these, too, he distills a mixture that is completely of the earth and yet at the same time is full of consolation. Thus the butcher excuses himself to the little goat, saying:—

Ne pleure pas bête:
Tu vois, ça n'est pas ma faute.

Giono began with short stories and novels. His first longer work was the *Naissance de l'Odyssée*, in which Odysseus is represented as an in-

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genious swindler. His real rise began with the *Trilogie de Pan*, which consisted of the novels *Colline*, *Un de Baumurgues*, and *Regain*. Then followed his autobiographical *Manosque-des-Plateaux*, a war novel entitled *Le Grand Troupeau*, and numerous stories and essays. The attachment of all his works to his home is the law of his life.

In 1932 *Jean-le-Bleu* appeared, and it marked a most important point in his development, for Jean, the young man with blue eyes, is the author himself, and he here describes his father's workshop and his mother's ironing. Then Jean is sent off to a shepherd with a little knapsack, in which he carries his first priceless store of books. Did it include Virgil's *Bucolics?*

Is n't it a little premature to begin studying Giono's origins? Apparently not, for such a study has already begun in Germany. A young German doctor, Heinz-Hermann Ciossek, has written a dissertation on Giono and has provided a good example of the interest our scholars take in romantic themes. He also gives important evidence of the real power of Giono himself, for this dissertation reads like a work on zoölogy, botany, or even meteorology. Giono's landscape, its climate, its flora and fauna, are described in detail. There is information about the Durance waterfall, about the tremendous spring and autumn storms. Only dwarf oak trees grow in the uplands, but the valleys are full of olive trees and smell of almonds and figs. We are informed on all these points and know exactly how many men and women live in each square kilometre of Provence. All kinds of animals appear before our eyes, especially the big herds of sheep, and there is not a single little fox or rabbit omitted. Let no word be said against this academic energy, for to understand Giono properly one must know about all his plants and animals. For my part, I firmly believe that the writer himself does not know whether he has turned into a tree or a falcon when ecstasy seizes him.

Biography of an English Gentleman

> Since autumn King Prajadhipok of Siam has been in residence with his Queen at Knowle . . . The five-foot monarch is now leading the life of a modern young English gentleman of means. He is guarded night and day by Criminal Investigation Department officers. There is one at every entrance to Knowle. All callers are stopped and questioned. No one is allowed to get within 200 yards of the house.
>
> —*Evening Standard*, London

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A leading French writer of the post-war generation presents the case for Fascism in a dialogue between a disillusioned middle-class youth and a smug Radical-Socialist deputy about forty years old.

FRENCH Dialogue—1935

By DRIEU LA ROCHELLE

Translated from the *Nouvelle Revue Française*
Paris Literary Monthly

THE young man spoke to the receptionist and was admitted after a telephone call. He wandered down enormous corridors and finally knocked at room 775. A feminine voice told him to come in; it was the voice of a secretary, who ushered him into room 774.

The young man stood before the mature man. The mature man seemed young, and there was even something childish in the expression of his face. The young man was surprised, but I am not surprised at all, for I have often seen this trace of childishness on the faces of post-war men. One often mistakes it for irresponsibility.

The young man was charmed by his first impression, and he said to himself, 'Yes, indeed, this man is near to me. I was right to trust him, and we shall surely come to understand each other.'

When he had sat down, the young man rested his left hand, which was wrapped in a white bandage, on his left thigh. The mature man shuddered, and his anxious glance turned to the young man's eyes as they had when the young man entered the room.

'You are wounded? You have been wounded?' There was something sharp in his tone.

Suddenly the young man ceased to be all love and confidence. From one second to the next he felt that there might be an abyss between this mature man and himself. In any case he wanted to appear roguish. 'What day do you think I was wounded?'

The mature man was deeply embarrassed, but he smiled ironically, for he was not afraid of trickery. On the contrary, he liked shrewd people, for then he could also be shrewd, and he could do that better than anyone

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else. He shrugged his shoulders severely.

'Well,' said the young man, who was not shrewd at all but merely childish at times, 'I was wounded on February seventh in the most confused free-for-all the world has ever seen.'

The mature man seemed relatively at ease. He smoked feverishly, and a huge pile of stubs filled the crystal ashtray in front of him. This worried the young man. What would become of his athletic training in such clouds of smoke?

'You wrote to me in your letter, which had a trustful tone that moved me deeply, that there was something special you wanted to discuss with me.' He no longer looked at the young man but at the empty space on the table before him. He had pushed his papers to the left. Nothing lay on the table between him and the right corner where the young man sat except a large open box of American cigarettes. Having taken his time, the mature man suddenly focused his glance on the young man and let it remain there.

II

'Yes,' the young man said, 'thank you for having found time to see me. But what I am going to say to you many others have thought. It is therefore important. You see, I am a bourgeois. My parents have given me a certain breeding. At the lycée they taught me a few things. I know that I don't know how to think. And yet I have thought about my body, and I am master of it, for I have experimented with it and trained it. I have read a few things—Nietzsche and Marx. My parents have no more money, or practically none, and I can find no work. I am unemployed.'

'Yes, I have seen many like you,' the mature man sighed wearily.

'I am a bourgeois, but I hate capitalism, which does not feed me and which has ruined my parents. I hate the big newspapers, the big banks, big business, everything in this country that has power without responsibility.'

'Of course,' the mature man said, raising his head somewhat.

We should mention that the mature man was a deputy and a 'Left-wing Independent.'

'I also hate democracy,' the young man continued more slowly. 'I hate Parliament. The patriotic nobles and businessmen. The deputy lawyers, the Radical Party, with its committees of Freemasons and its senate full of sadistic old men; the Socialist Party and its secret admiration for the very things that its wise rhetoricians denounce. All these people shield capitalism, and capitalism draws these people about itself.'

The Left-wing Independent deputy also served as lawyer for the oil trust, but he never thought about it. 'Yes,' he said in a gentler voice, 'what next?'

'That's what I came to ask you—what next?'

The mature man frowned. He did not like to be questioned. He preferred to do the questioning himself—to interpellate other people at a time and place suitable to himself: in Parliament. He cast a severe glance at the young man. He seemed to be saying to him, 'Did you come here as the intellectuals do, to make me talk extremism and logic? Are you the kind of fool who gets up in a public gathering and shouts, "All this is lies,"

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or are you simply an enemy?' And yet he thought the whole thing could be smoothed over once more. The young man was an intellectual, and an exchange of reciprocal flatteries would do the trick.

'You know, there's a great deal of truth in what you say, and yet . . .' He got up and walked around the large brass bed with long, regular steps.

The young man suddenly took on a furious and bewildered look. The words, 'and yet . . . ,' had been uttered with too artificial an energy.

'Ah, I know you're going to tell me that Parliament and democracy are two different things. You want to save democracy. Well, it is absolutely certain that, if we kick over Parliament, democracy will go, too. Moreover, while you defend democracy, you secretly hope to leave the door to Parliament open. Léon Blum is more frank and logical than you are. He defends the whole set-up—Parliament and democracy—just as though nothing were amiss. Well, you know the political platitude of the twentieth century—the idea of pairing off finance capital and democracy, two fellows who pretend to quarrel but really get along beautifully in secret. The minute one understands that clearly, one has begun to act.'

'Yes, but excuse me, are you a Communist?'

All at once the deputy had a mad desire to know that the young man was a Communist. That was one way of classifying him and getting rid of him.

'No, there's the rub,' the young man murmured with a false modesty, his eyes shining with joy.

'I wonder why you are n't.'

'I don't expect anything from Moscow any more than I do from the Vatican. And then those people are . . . oh, I don't know, but I'm not at my ease with them. When I go to a Communist mass meeting, I feel as though I were in some little chapel. They speak a jargon that's at least half a century old, their Marxist materialist jargon, and they all repeat the same thing. A true thing, mind you, that becomes false from being always the same, always dry and without nuance. They are content to be right in words and not in action.'

'You are speaking of the intellectuals, not the people,' the Left deputy remarked in an emotional voice.

'Yes, there are two sorts of Communists, the bourgeois and the workers. The workers, well, they are workers —people who want to eat and, having eaten, want to be men. But they no sooner enter a Communist gathering than they start imitating the bourgeois.'

The deputy shook his head sadly. 'But if you are not a Communist, what are you? Are you by any chance . . . ?'

The young man burst forth. 'Well, yes, I am probably a Fascist. Even certainly—I am a Fascist. Since the 6th of February I know perfectly well that I am one. And I know perfectly well what it means. It means a desire to build socialism without yelling about it but doing it. Without a programme but accomplishing something every day. To be a Fascist means to know that one cannot build anything but socialism, that one must oust the present economic leaders, who have no political responsibility, and the political leaders, who have no economic responsibility, and replace them with

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responsible leaders who will have both. To be a Fascist also means to believe that in reaching these ends the French can count only on themselves.'

'And to overthrow the banks you will borrow money from the bankers?'

III

The young man paused. He knew perfectly well what he wanted to say, but any allusion to money made him feel ill at ease. His interlocutor, however, shared his embarrassment. With a certain vulgarity the young man looked around and examined the hotel room. It was a good room in a good hotel, ugly but comfortable. The young man shrugged his shoulders, irritated by his own reflex action. He recalled the mature man's sarcasm, 'to overthrow the banks, borrow money from the bankers.' He smiled bitterly. It was obvious that the other man knew how one got one's self involved. He replied with an affected calm, 'Well, we haven't thought of any other method yet. It's an old trick. The Socialists knew it. But they weren't successful at it.'

'Neither will you be successful.'

'I beg your pardon, there is a difference. The Socialists were people who exulted provokingly under the very noses of the capitalists, "Look out for us, we're the fellows who are going to cut your throats."

'The capitalists were frightened, but the Radicals, their men of straw, replied by giving the Socialists a share in the honors and all the money that goes with them. The Radicals hold the Ministries. But behind them the Socialists are deputies, officials, chairmen, and so on. They go on calmly saying that they're going to cut the capitalists' throats. But, even when they pay no more attention to their own words, a few capitalists are still left who take them seriously.'

'Well, how about you?'

'We are the new team that wants to replace the Radical and Socialist teams to advantage. To replace them we must fight them, and to fight them. . . well, here is the funny situation:—

'In the first place the Radicals and the parliamentary Socialists don't fight for themselves. They have the police. The police have to fight us and the Communist-Socialist united front at the same time. Witness February 6th and 9th.

'In the second place, we fight against the police, against the Socialists, and against the Communists. Some day our three opponents will merge.

'In the third place, finance capital, because of its terror in the face of Communism, gives us money and newspapers.

'In the fourth place, our revolvers and the machine guns of militant patriots, of the petty bourgeois who are afraid of the advancing proletarians, and of the workers who want to become petty bourgeois will destroy the Radical-Socialist police and the Communists. We shall destroy the police because it is commanded by men who are corrupted to the marrow of their bones by democratic capitalism—pitiful men. We shall conquer the Socialists and Communists because the workers are led by spineless intellectuals or by other workers who have no hereditary sense of leadership. (There has to be at least one generation above the level of pure innocence, an uncle who was a saloon keeper or a father who was a teacher, to develop a

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sense of leadership. We saw it in Italy and in Germany, we saw it in France in 1848 and during the Commune.) We shall conquer these people, and especially we shall absorb them.

'In the fifth place, we shall destroy capitalism because the preceding struggle will have made us energetic and proud, because we shall be worthy people, to whose wishes the bourgeois must accede, and because we are patriotic Frenchmen whom other Frenchmen cannot reproach with having built a socialist society that cannot serve nationalism.

'For each day we realize more and more that nationalism and socialism are two fingers on the same hand. Our socialism will succeed better than that of the Socialists or Communists, because no one can reproach it with wanting to serve foreigners or cut the throats of middle-class people. And here is another important point: we shall leave the bourgeois intact. We shall let them keep their places in the economic set-up, and we shall let them keep their money. We shall ask them only to give us their small, individual souls. And by that very act we shall take the soul out of their system, which will slowly begin moving along the path toward socialism. And nothing will be able to stop us from collaborating abroad with other national socialisms once we have got on our feet. Later, there will be a Fascist Geneva.' The young man stopped. His tongue was dry. He looked at the mature man with sparkling revolutionary eyes.

IV

The mature man pouted. Finally he said in the most scornful tone he could muster, 'All this is a lovely dream. But when you speak as you do you are either out to fool others or you are fooled yourself.'

'It's not a dream. And now you will see that I'm really a Fascist, for I believe that what I have described to you is now taking place in Italy and Germany.'

'Very well. If you think that, I don't see why you came to call on me.'

The mature man said this as drily as possible, crushing a cigarette in the tray, because he could read the very words he had said on the young man's lips. Then he sat down. He seemed furious, but his rage was allayed by prudence and politeness. At heart he was deeply troubled.

The young man continued, 'I came to see you because I think you believe the things I believe and because, taking into account your intellectual and physical courage, you are destined to become the leader of Fascism—of French socialism.'

The young man laughed in his heart to hear himself recite the sentences he had so carefully prepared. The mature man took what must have been the hundredth cigarette from the large box, examined the hotel room, rose from his chair, and began to walk, his hands in his pockets.

The young man surveyed the room and followed the glance of the Left-wing Independent deputy, who was also the oil trust's lawyer. He was not at all shocked by the luxury of the hotel room, for, after all, this comfort was luxury. He said to himself, 'I do not reproach him with needing money, a certain amount of quiet, a refined cleanliness, space to move in. What I reproach him with is . . .'

Meanwhile the mature man, who

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had the shoulders of an athlete but who also had qualities of mind and heart, the mature man who was lawyer for the oil trust and who made socialist speeches every day, the man who had been wavering for the last ten years between petroleum and socialism, coughed and said to the young man, who was poor and unemployed, 'I, sir, am a true socialist.'

The young man did not scoff any longer. 'Meaning what?'

'I do not think that one can compromise with capitalism.'

'Then you are a Communist?'

'No.'

'Then you are on my side?'

'No.'

'Then you are nothing. You are n't going to tell me that you are for the defense of the Republic?'

'Well, that is . . .'

'All right, I'm going home.' Without getting up the young man laughed a long slow laugh and looked at the mature man, who was furious—politely, prudently furious—but who was afraid that the young man might get up and go. This would have broken his heart, for his heart had matured during a period when cajoling was much more the order of the day than commanding.

The mature man stepped up to the young man with a bilious smile. 'Well, now, let's understand each other.'

'It's very simple,' the young man said. 'If you want to build socialism at one fell swoop by relying solely on the mass of workers and the scattered groups of poor peasants, you are a Communist.

'But you are also too shrewd not to understand that this is impossible. The proletariat cannot succeed as long as the bourgeoisie and the majority of the peasants oppose it. Moreover, the proletariat has never done anything on its own initiative. Revolutions are made by one section of the bourgeoisie or another, who find their support in the proletariat. But, when the working class stands alone, it is crushed by the bourgeoisie and the peasantry—witness 1848, 1871, and 1918 in Germany, 1934 in Austria and Spain. On the other hand, 1789 and 1917 succeeded because for a brief moment the proletariat found itself working in harmony with the bourgeoisie and the peasantry, which had been tricked by the old régime. But in Russia a bureaucracy is already raising itself on the backs of the workers, and the peasantry will have its revenge in the next war. Thus, you are not a Communist. Therefore, you are a Fascist.'

'Fascism is the last hope of capitalism,' the mature man intoned.

'You speak like a Communist. Why are n't you a Communist?'

'Because . . .'

'For the very reason that I stated a while back. Yes, I know. Then be a Fascist.'

'No . . .'

'Not that either? You are afraid to be a Communist, you are afraid to be a Fascist, so you are nothing. You are nothing but a ghost in spite of your comparative youth. Years ago, when you entered Parliament, your soul, which was the soul of a young man, a sportsman, a war veteran, and a disciple of Nietzsche, entered the body of a very old gentleman who might have flourished peacefully about 1890. And now your soul can not escape, and it will die there. You will die in exile or in a concentration

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camp or in some tranquil spot like the parliamentarians of Russia, Italy, and Germany.'

'No, I want to build a new socialist party that will not be a vassal to Moscow nor remain imbedded in parliamentarism.'

'But that is Fascism, that is precisely Fascism. But you are quite incapable of doing this. One cannot build what one does n't even dare name.'

There was a long silence. Finally the young man moved toward the door. He looked at the mature man with amazement and said to himself, 'It's queer. I entered this comfortable room, this room in a big hotel to tell this man my trust and faith. And no sooner had I arrived than this man fell to pieces before my eyes. He does n't exist. He is a deputy, a post-war man. But I exist.'

Going downstairs his heart suddenly leaped, and he dashed back, opening the door of room 775 in a tempest of excitement. The stenographer was kissing the mature man's hand with adoration. Not seeing it, the young man cried, 'And you know it: I am a socialist.'

'We all are, decidedly,' murmured the Left Independent with bitterness.

'But I have an enormous advantage over you in that I am also a nationalist. It is marvelous how nationalism obliges people to create socialism. Good evening.'

V

The mature man remained alone with the stenographer. It was April. A light, transparent, gay night was falling and did not lend itself in any way to disastrous thoughts. The mature man with the face of a worried child was to dine with a Soviet delegate, a French general, and an American oil man, but not until nine. Meanwhile, he looked at his life on the empty table while his stenographer, lurking in the shadows, stared at his renowned face.

At the end of the War, in which he had distinguished himself as a gay adventurer and a soldier, he became a Nietzschean—elegant, sport-loving, and ambitious. He loved luxury, glory, women, money, all at the same time. He had entered Parliament because he had wanted to go into politics. He thought that Parliament embraced the entire field of political activity. Only to-day did he see his mistake. But it was too late. Ten years had passed and left their mark upon him. He had been an Undersecretary of State. It was difficult to become a Communist or a Fascist, and this difficulty made him grit his teeth. How did it happen that he who was so free and so lucid had made such a mistake? And, while he made love to his secretary in the thick darkness of the room in order to defend himself against that fateful visit,—for it is always fateful when a young man of twenty comes to call on a man of forty,—he consoled himself with the thought: 'I shall die among the men I have always known, repeating the words I have always said. I shall be faithful.'

Such was this famous cynic. But cynics do not exist. That is a name given to men who are mediocre in action and cleverly classify their meaningless deeds. Even after they have been transferred from one party to the other, they pretend that they made the change of their own free will. Men of any value, on the other

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hand, if they do not march toward victory, slide slowly but surely toward defeat, for value of any kind is a weight that prevents a man from climbing the hill again. This explains the sad look of conquerors, who do not forget the slope that might have defeated them.

This mature man, in spite of his connections with oil, was a sincere socialist. He could not conceive of himself being a socialist in any other way. As the lawyer for American oil companies, he also received a hundred and fifty thousand francs a year. All this went into the hotel room, his only luxury. Apart from that he thought only of socialism.

And now a chance to build socialism presented itself. An imperious, amusing chance. For history with its detours is so amusing. Well, he saw this chance with his mind's eye, in the darkened room where the secretary cried quietly. But he could not lay his hands on it. His fingers stretched out into the darkness. He looked back into his childhood for an explanation, and he thought he found it. 'Because at the Ferrer demonstration I saw a policeman give a worker such a kick.'

And he was content with this picture, which was misleading as all pictures. For whom did the policeman kick, to-day as well as yesterday? The enemies of the Left-wing Independent, the enemies of petroleum and parliament, whether they are on the Right or Left. In reality, he had merely seen one man kick another man, which shocks a modern spectator for a second but which is something of an enigma to the thoughtful man.

He had been a Left-wing Independent deputy for ten years. And he was paying the price.

A Stalin Story

If I may add to my list of dictatorship anecdotes, I like the joke about the continuous talk of Communist self-criticism in Russia. It is said that Voroshilov heard the sound of a terrific scolding from the room next to his—which was Stalin's. Someone was being called a 'counter-revolutionary,' a 'filthy bourgeois,' a 'Trotskiite deviationist,' etc. Someone clearly was to be shot at dawn. Unable to restrain himself, Voroshilov entered the room and found to his astonishment nobody present but Stalin. In answer to his query, Stalin explained that nobody else criticized him, so that he sometimes found it necessary himself to indulge in a little Communist self-criticism.

—Critic, in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London

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The editor of the most widely read German-émigré weekly attacks the Marxist theory of historical materialism on the ground that the triumph of Hitler has demonstrated its practical deficiency.

Historical Mysticism

By LEOPOLD SCHWARZSCHILD

Translated from the *Neue Tage-Buch*
Paris German-Émigré Weekly

DURING the past five years both in Germany and abroad one question has loomed larger and larger in the minds of thousands of educated and thoughtful people. Confronted with the events of these years they ask themselves with growing anxiety, 'What do the historical materialists have to say?'

If the doctrine of historical materialism can be expressed in simple form, it means that definite economic developments must give rise to definite and parallel political developments, but recent history seems to contradict this principle flagrantly. Three-quarters of all our educated people believed in historical materialism before the War, and it was not until after 1918 that they gradually began to have doubts. Since the beginning of the economic crisis, however, almost everything has seemed to run counter to this theory.

Let me take two examples. Does n't the growth and victory of Hitlerism fundamentally contradict the historical-materialist doctrine that during the declining period of capitalism the class consciousness of the proletariat increases? And does n't the submissive acceptance of Germany's military revival by the victors of 1918 fundamentally contradict all the historical-materialist doctrines concerning the eternal, relentless struggle for domination among the various imperialist Powers? How do the advocates of integral historical materialism, now known as Marxism, still justify their beliefs? How do their professional interpreters and orthodox advocates hold their ground?

This is a question to which in-

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numerable enlightened people have been awaiting an answer for many months with growing anxiety, and they have waited in vain. For, although the weight of this question is overpowering and although it is on everybody's lips, no one has yet even attempted a serious and definitive reply. The Third International has adopted a few hasty, superficial resolutions, and the organs of the Second International have published a few empty articles, but that is all. We are therefore driven to conclude that scientific socialism, which was once so highly productive, has not preserved its intellectual vitality during the months and years that have subjected it to crucial tests. Whether its philosophers have entirely vanished or whether they do not dare to put themselves to the test in public is another story. The fact remains that no analysis has appeared.

It is for that reason that I seized with such eagerness on a book by Fritz Sternberg entitled *Der Faschismus an der Macht*, which has just been published by the Contact-Verlag of Amsterdam. Its author is not only known as an orthodox Marxist but also as one of the few members of that school, at least of those who write in German, who have preserved their scientific zeal. In general, the German successors of Marx, Engels, Kautsky, Bernstein, Mehring, and Luxemburg have given a poor account of themselves. Theoretical literature virtually threw up the sponge. All that remained was journalistic propaganda, most of which was hopelessly bad. Sternberg was almost the only man who attempted to delve more deeply. We therefore had reason to hope that his first book after the collapse would attempt to meet the fundamental question that this event raised.

This expectation seems not to have been entirely disappointed. Sternberg entitles the first part of his book, 'How It Happened,' and at the outset states the problem, which is 'to analyze a contradiction.' What contradiction? The contradiction between the fact that, economically, everything in Germany was proceeding as Marx had prophesied eighty years ago but that, politically, everything was occurring quite differently.

Sternberg does not express it in exactly these terms. He quotes only certain famous prophecies by Marx on the economic prospects of the capitalist system and the necessary conclusion that some day the 'united and organized working class' would 'expropriate the expropriators.' Although this is the root and quintessence of the whole problem of historical materialism, he does not emphasize sharply enough that Marx's analysis of the future fell into two different and completely distinct parts, to wit, a prognosis of a certain economic development and, second, a prognosis of exactly how long the resultant political consequences would take to develop.

The Marxist thesis, or any historical-materialist thesis, for that matter, actually contains two elements—first, that economically things will develop in a certain fashion and, second, that this economic occurrence will tend to produce certain political consequences. This double content of Marx's historical-materialist theory Sternberg does not emphasize and thus fails to clarify the reader's mind and perhaps his own as well. He cites Marx's theory only to put the ques-

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tion, why it has not been completely confirmed. How has the economic aspect of Marx's analysis developed and how, on the other hand, was it possible for his political prophecies to encounter such a terrible denial?

Sternberg writes, 'We have the constantly growing centralization of the means of production, we have the constantly decreasing number of capitalist magnates. We have the growth of "mass misery, oppression, expropriation, exploitation." But we also have the victory of Fascism in Germany. We have the severest defeat that the German working class has ever suffered. This contradiction needs to be analyzed.'

It does indeed, and we encounter here the decisive question that historical materialism faces, the question concerning the connection between economic and political occurrences. The whole historical-materialist philosophy rests on the silent assumption that there is an invisible transformer station, a commutation of energy that turns certain economic factors into the suitable political factors. For instance, the complete centralization of the means of production brings about the expropriation of the expropriators. The case for historical materialism stands or falls with the existence of such a transformer. For, if it does not exist, that is, if economic factors do not at least have the tendency to produce certain preordained political consequences, if various consequences of different kinds may occur, the whole principle has no value. It no longer serves as a guide to future events and therefore no longer can be used as a means of action.

By using the word 'contradiction' in referring to Germany's recent past, Sternberg admits that contradictions are at least possible. But, if one was possible this time, is not another one always possible? That, it seems to me, is the fundamental question involved in the use of the word 'contradiction.' But Sternberg passes this by with the aid of a significant fallacy. He includes with the past all those factors that in his opinion have prevented reality from corresponding to his theories. But, when he considers the future, he says nothing to indicate that events will develop as his theories prescribe.

Up to now, for a few years, things have developed in an 'un-Marxist' fashion. That is admitted, and the causes are explained. Later, however, things will again run true to Marxist form. This he implies but does not explain. But why should n't more contradictions appear next year? Or ten years or fifty years hence? And what practical value has a theory, even if it is theoretically correct, if it can always be thwarted by 'contradictions?' Here is a difficulty that even this author evades. What were the individual factors that, according to Sternberg, produced the 'contradiction?' There are two of them.

II

First, the middle classes, both in the city and the country districts, who always found themselves 'caught between the two decisive classes—the bourgeoisie and the proletariat,' this time decided for the bourgeoisie. Why did n't they decide the opposite way? Ultimately, according to Sternberg, because they 'believed' the Nazis, because they 'wanted to be conquered' by them, because they 'were

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glad' on this occasion 'merely to have to obey.' They were also moved by will and emotion. Economically, they might just as logically have made the opposite choice; indeed, according to Sternberg, from an economic standpoint the opposite choice would have been the correct one.

If they had taken this course every historical materialist would have said, 'You see, how our theory works? The economic situation was so and so, and therefore politically such and such followed.' But we see that the opposite can also follow. The individual can subjectively comprehend the economic situation in a different form from the one it objectively assumes. Or is he obeying the impulses of his will and his emotions, ignoring economics or remaining unconscious of them? In this case, too, the 'contradiction' arises.

Second, the working class was divided into two parties, the Socialists and the Communists, whose policies Sternberg calls 'catastrophic' and 'calamitous.' Both suffered from complete 'ideological corruption.' They did not 'understand,' they did not 'perceive' anything. Their tactics were false. They 'compromised,' they 'constantly abdicated.' Victory in Germany was possible, 'but the objective situation was not exploited.' Here, too, for the second time, the economic situation did not produce the political results it had to produce but the very opposite because the active, subjective individual comprehended it differently or was motivated by different desires or emotions that were either non-economic or economically 'false.'

This is no new discovery. When the historical-materialist theory is not vulgarized, it does not deny—and here we escape from the atmosphere of oversimplification—that subjective factors also have an influence, factors of the conscious or unconscious, of understanding, desire, emotion, instinct. But its Alpha and Omega is that these conscious and unconscious factors tend to develop in accordance with economic circumstances and to take a definite preordained direction. Here is the transformer station between the categories of economics and politics that I have already mentioned. Certain economic conditions give rise to certain perceptions, desires, emotions. And on the basis of these economic factors, which affect people's souls and minds, political consequences arise.

III

But, in the light of what we have experienced and what we are now experiencing, can we still subscribe to this theory? Do our spiritual and intellectual reactions to certain economic situations tend to follow logical lines? Sternberg does not settle the matter when he says that in Germany, up to 1933, three decisive classes, or at least their leaders, did not use their understanding or their emotions to draw the correct political consequences from the economic situation.

The capitalist class also acted contrary to theory. It is a really un-Marxist occurrence that the different national capitalisms, engaged in the bitterest kind of struggle for markets, did not turn their weapons against each other in order to win new markets but instead began to retreat into the snailshell of autarky while France actually helped Germany to arm.

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What remains of a principle that can be contradicted at every step? What, at most, but a subsequent explanation for historical events that have already occurred? For, if we attempt to apply the principle to the future and say, 'Economic X has appeared, therefore political Y must follow,' we find ourselves compelled to add, 'Provided that this and that and the other thing and still another thing, all of a non-economic nature, do not prevent the appearance of Y.'

The historical materialists say that politics are impelled by economics in a certain direction, always provided that certain non-economic factors permit. Their opponents say that politics are moved by different forces, including economic ones, in every possible direction. Is there really any difference between these two views? Do they not both agree that all kinds of non-economic forces may take effect? Is n't the only difference that what one group calls causes the other calls disturbances or deviations of the historical-materialist process that would assert itself if these disturbances did not exist? Nevertheless, they do exist and may always exist.

The Saar plebiscite offers a concrete example. In the local elections of 1932 about 35 per cent of the inhabitants voted for the Marxist parties, eighty-four thousand for the Communists and forty-four thousand for the Social Democrats and smaller Socialist groups. In the plebiscite only forty-six thousand votes were registered against Hitler, and undoubtedly these included many non-Marxists. It cannot be denied that this represents a striking contradiction of the historical-materialist theory of the economic interests of the working class and of its class consciousness. At a time when everything pertaining to class consciousness seemed to be quite clear, why was a proletariat that had been made class conscious for a decade outvoted ten to one?

IV

I read an article in a Czechoslovak newspaper by Professor Radl of the University of Prague who stated, 'It is clear that materialism is mistaken. National emotion is stronger.' I read an answer to this statement in a Communist organ, which declared, 'How could you assert that materialism was mistaken? Materialism, of course, does not deny that people can be hypnotized and terrorized to such an extent that they fail to recognize their economic and class interests. That and nothing more happened here.'

But, if one said that national feeling is actually a stronger psychological factor than economic interest or if one said, 'No, it is not a stronger psychological factor, but the human psyche can be led astray,' in either case something quite non-economic remains determining, to wit, the psychological factor, whether it is inherent or created. One group calls the psychological factor the cause of the materialist defeat, another calls the psychological factor an obstruction to materialist progress. But even the latter group can hardly deny that it was precisely for non-economic reasons that an economic situation was not transformed into its necessary political consequences. And we have seen that it is possible; indeed, it is always possible.

I have said that Sternberg lists a

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number of non-material factors that held true in the past and that upset the materialist progress or that undermined the materialist position. I also said that he again outlines the future on an exact, historical-materialist chart. He clings to the classical theory that capitalism can remain only capitalism, and, since it must go harder and harder with capitalism from an economic point of view, only two points of view are conceivable, either revolution or decline into barbarism.

But must capitalism remain completely capitalistic? Sternberg clearly perceives that a number of fundamentally counter-capitalistic developments have occurred, especially in Germany. The inescapable conclusion is that capitalism, or rather its leading figures, are theoretically in a position to adapt the system to every necessity until it has been transformed by purely economic means into complete State Communism. That, however, does not suit the Marxist chart, and Sternberg therefore saves himself with the explanation that 'within the framework of capitalism only those measures are possible that damage individual capitalist classes and even destroy them completely for the benefit of the system as a whole.'

V

Yet the growing interference of the state in every sphere of capitalist activity, in foreign trade, in price-fixing, and many other fields does more than damage individual groups, for these are profound attacks on the whole mechanism of economic progress, and I do not see why it is impossible for them to go further. I do not say that this will happen, but I say it can very well happen and that without any real proletarian revolution Schacht's Germany may become just as thoroughly socialized as Soviet Russia. By this I mean that there is no sign that the way out of the agony of capitalism is either Communism through proletarian revolution or barbarism. There is the third theoretical possibility that the bourgeois régime itself, with the aid of its state power, will carry through the transformation and that, to all practical purposes, everything will be done as in a Communist state except that the top layer will remain the same and perhaps will receive from three thousand to thirty thousand marks a month instead of from three hundred to three thousand rubles.

Prophesying the future would be an abstract game if it did not yield results for practical activity. The historical materialists have always drawn these practical consequences, and some of the rules they have arrived at have assumed the character of axioms. Here is a final example showing the dubious basis on which these axioms rest.

During the World War Lenin declared that every nation must reverse its arms, that is, turn to revolution. It was the famous 'transformation of war into civil war.' Eager to make a law, a scientific axiom, out of every practical piece of advice given in a single situation, the orthodox historical materialists have since then clung firmly to the principle that this proletarian watchword and this watchword alone holds good in any future war. But, now that the phenomenon of Hitler has appeared on the horizon and now that the orthodox Marxists

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cannot deny that there are certain important differences between life in a democracy and life under Hitler's rule, non-German workers ask, 'Could we, if war broke out between Hitler and France or Czechoslovakia, still act in accordance with the formula of transforming the war into civil war? Is n't there the danger that Hitler will conquer, which we do not want at all? Might n't we consider this war as our war and, as long as it lasts, refrain from any attempt to transform it?'

Sternberg belongs with the majority of strict Marxists who still assert that even in the present situation the workers should follow the advice Lenin formulated during the World War. To justify this position he is forced to assert that a revolution in the countries waging war on Hitler would prolong the war but would not lead to defeat. Here is what he says. 'If the possibility arises to organize the civil war successfully, it unquestionably means a temporary military weakening of France. It would be senseless to have any illusions on this score. The temporary weakening must be included in the bargain.' Why only temporary? Why not complete enough to enable Hitler to win a real victory? One can say only that the attempt to establish a realistic basis for this procedure gets nowhere. The supposedly scientific analysis terminates in mysticism and religion. The working class will be strong enough first to win the civil war while at the same time holding off Hitler with their little finger and then strong enough to defeat him with redoubled energy.

The fact is that the political half of the Marxist doctrine, as applied in actual practice, often comes closer to mysticism than to the science that it pretends to be. This instance reveals it, and it is not an unimportant but a cardinal question. I do not even raise the question of what Moscow would say to such rigid logic or whether, in the event of war and with all its alliances, Moscow would announce that its allies must be overthrown by civil war. Indeed, who can even dream of such a thing? I also shall not discuss at length what Lenin himself would say to this 'scientific' application of what he said in 1914 to the year 1935. He himself changed his position in 1917 on a famous occasion when the monarchist General Kornilov was marching against his opponent Kerenski. Then Lenin issued the slogan, 'Now, side by side with Kerenski against Kornilov.' He was, if the comparison be permitted, a church father, not the interpreter of a theory. Too often the tendency of interpreters is to take their texts far more axiomatically than the author himself did.

German Story

Adolf Cohen went to the appropriate office in a German town and asked permission to change his name. The official, outraged at this open attempt by a Jew to escape the proper consequences of his name and race, severely rebuked Cohen. Adolf Cohen replied: 'You have misunderstood my application to change my name. I have no wish at all to change the "Cohen." I want to change the "Adolf."'

—*New Statesman and Nation*, London

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Here is an honest self-portrait by a representative middle-class Englishman of the present day, followed by a humorous short essay from the French satirizing the literature of the future.

English FACT *and* French Fiction

To-day and To-morrow

I. England's Middle Class Comes Home

By Rupert Croft-Cooke

From the *Adelphi*, London Literary Monthly

OF ALL the catchwords that were shouted at the War's end to us, who were then approaching adolescence, there was none more popular than 'the brotherhood of mankind.' We were exhorted to remember that our elder brothers had died for this ideal and that we could not do better than to live for it.

In our own country we were to become 'one great happy family.' The phrase was coined, one cannot help feeling, by an only son who was, if not actually an orphan, at least bereaved of uncles and aunts. However, his meaning was clear enough, if only by antithesis, and we left our public schools determined, no doubt, not to feel superior to such of our contemporaries as had been educated at less expensive institutions. 'Practical democracy' was a term almost as popularly used as 'world peace.'

And one cannot help finding it a little comic to reflect that we have, in our muddled way, done as our elders told us in this respect, have without effort succeeded in following their loud admonitions to be 'brothers,' and that it is precisely for this that they are most angry with us. Indeed, you may hear them every day speak-

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ing of the 'disrespect' of young people, the 'discourtesy' of shop assistants, the 'treachery' of trades unions; or see them shaking their heads gravely as they regret that the world is upside down. And these are precisely what have come of obeying the instructions that, in the flushed and glamorous moment of victory, they gave to us.

Of course, they never intended anything of the sort. A little patronizing appreciation of those 'brave men of the working classes who had served their country,' a little less of the strictly feudal system, a little slum clearance, and perhaps, if the state of trade warranted it, rather higher wages were what they meant. They were conscious of their 'responsibility' toward the workingman; they intended, and honestly intended, to improve his lot, so that he might even expect to have a bathroom in his house and his children might share some of the inefficiency of their own education. They felt that for the million or two of men who had suffered the hardships of war, without the least idea of what it was about, and had thereby preserved a social system that would 'keep them in their place,' this was the least return that could be made.

And quite conscientiously they have set about making it, and one of the most educative spectacles of our time has been to watch the Tory struggling, however forlornly, for the laborer, and the Labor member, by utter ineptitude, strengthening the oldest and worst type of Toryism. But granting a dole, and clearing slums, and raising the age at which a boy might leave school, and exchanging a few friendly words with the gardener are one thing, while the sort of 'familiarity' that we have 'encouraged' is quite another and not at all what our elders meant in 1919 when they exhorted us to brotherhood.

And for this 'familiarity' the credit or the blame, according to your view, is ours alone. By our parents we were quickly discouraged from any such revolutionary silliness, and we certainly did not notice in our elder brothers, as they returned from France, any marked desire to abolish social distinctions. They spoke warmly, it is true, of young what's-his-name, 'my batman out there,' or of old who-is-it, the sergeant major, but they spoke of them as nearly as possible in the tone used by very elderly generals who imagine they remember the identity of a Chelsea pensioner. They tried, some of them, to find jobs for 'fellows in my platoon,' but the race for jobs soon grew so competitive that this became dangerous, and they lapsed quickly into the convenient creed of other times.

And, though the War reputedly taught its lesson, and, we have been told, 'in that holocaust all petty distinctions were forgotten,' yet we can not help having observed the rapidity and relief with which they have been remembered again. Here and there a hearty ex-chaplain explosively keeps the myth alive with an Armistice Day sermon, or a meeting of war veterans revives it, but as an influence on modern life it is no more.

Skeptical as we have been made about the ideals of the past, we believe wholeheartedly that this story of comradeship among the men who fought for us is a true one. How else but in such a spirit could they possibly have faced the torments that

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they did face? We do not suppose that a subaltern lying in that stink of rotting flesh was conscious that the man who relieved him was definitely not an Old Harrovian or that the private, when his hand had been shot away, cared greatly whether the sergeant who assisted him to a dressing station would be received with approval in his home. All we reluctantly have seen is that as the Armistice came into force, another armistice, in the war between classes, which had been declared for the duration of the Great War, automatically lapsed, and the extravagances that it had permitted were forgotten as rapidly as possible with all the rest of the fine or filthy aspects of the hostilities.

So that it was not from the behavior of our elder brothers in peacetime that we learnt this reprehensible democratic spirit of ours. And yet I am tempted to believe that it may have been from their behavior in wartime. It would be comforting to suppose that one bloom at least, however sickly and unworthy, has risen from those blood-soaked fields.

II

Not that it has been a conscious or an altruistic thing, this 'familiarity'—it has been at best a lazy distaste for pretentiousness. For really, you know, now that we have all lost our money and can no longer afford those hedge-encircled houses discreetly set in an odd-shaped garden, and each a little different from the rest, now that we share a building estate with a good many hundred other families, it is too much to ask that we should bother to keep up distinctions, and penury has been a pretty leveler. And, though our elders have bravely stuck to their social guns and refused to call on those quite impossible people at the Knoll, we younger folk have discovered that such exclusiveness meant missing quite a deal of amusement, and to miss amusement has been, to us, a cardinal sin.

And, when we found ourselves sitting next to the postman in the less expensive seats at the cinema, it would have been quite silly not to have talked down the banalities of the dialogue with him and illogical to have refused to stop at a coffee-stall afterward. And, when we encountered the local grocer's son alone in the clubhouse, it was only polite to suggest that we should go round together, and the discovery that he was an extremely nice fellow of course led to another game. And so on. In the crowded circumstances of post-war life it would have been far too much trouble to recall all the queer prejudices of another age.

Besides, they sound a little ridiculous now, especially if voiced by young people. Imagine the old phrases—'he's quite a gentleman,' 'she's a perfect lady,' 'they're very common, poor things,' 'the upper ten,' 'not quite our sort'—used by one of our generation, and you will see what I mean. You may object that such phrases never were anything but the catchwords of the middle classes, and you may be correct; but then aristocracy, as a social unit, has ceased to exist this hundred years or more, and the middle classes stretch as far as you or I can see, either way.

There has been another cause for our conversion to this lazy democracy, and that is the passing of the Church of England as anything but an histori-

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cal oddity. For the salaried exponents of a religion whose Founder originated and emphasized the doctrine of brotherhood in the most uncompromising terms have for several centuries been the most eloquent advocates of a state in which everyone 'knows his place.' He was a wise Roman indeed, and a benefactor of his country, who first perceived that Christians, if suitably instructed in their own creed, would make excellent slaves, and the Anglican who long afterward rediscovered this perversion of Christ's teaching for England was doubtless as highly rewarded as other saviors of the state.

Yes, the Church of England must have been worth its immense cost to the country over and over again, in the days when people entered churches for reasons other than the study of their architectural features, for it has been a valued assistant in the great work of keeping everyone in his place while the more intelligent were accumulating fortunes. And, now that it is in decay, we have found yet one more check removed on our natural impulse to consider the gardener's boy as a human being.

III

But one could enumerate other causes. The whole tendency of our mechanical life is to shake us up together, like—I seize a respectable simile—peas in a sieve, so that unexpected contacts are forever being made, and it is not only your old schoolfellows whom you meet at the Labor Exchange. And this moving together in mobs, crowding to the seaside in thousands, cycling in dozens, walking in the country in bare-kneed battalions, bathing in hundreds, this building of yet larger dance halls, and more enormous cinemas, and vaster bathing pools to accommodate the crowds, all this has so jostled and jumbled us that anyone trying to retain distinction has been either drawn in, or forced out, has rubbed shoulders indiscriminately, or become a recluse.

So that, though one may not have set out with any valiant intent or thought deeply about 'brotherhood,' in these years we have not been able to suppress a moderate warmth toward everyone else who has suffered as we have and to realize that there is, after all, a remarkable similarity, at least in a bathing pool, between ourselves, the postman, and a gentleman of ancient lineage just now feeling the cold.

Yet our achievement is not to be belittled because it has not been a deliberate one nor dismissed on the grounds that nothing altruistic has been its cause. The Fabians made a name for themselves, roused a few of the intelligentsia, founded a great number of societies and periodicals, or, at the most generous estimate, achieved some responsibility for the formation of a socialist party in the House of Commons. But the sum total of these things has directly affected the life of England rather less than the circulation of acetylsalicylic acid in the form of aspirin tablets. While we, with our contempt for pretension, have at any rate momentarily, and at least among ourselves, entirely disarranged social habits of respectably long standing.

To see the results of this upheaval at their best and at the same time to appreciate what an unconscious thing it has been, you should study us in

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the local pub, wholeheartedly engaged in a game of darts. However flippant in most matters, over this we are in earnest. It is a foursome, we have one leg apiece, and the score is eighty-seven forty, for our opponents have left themselves the double top. Treble nineteen and double fifteen will give us the game. A tense moment, you observe, for you have realized that we are playing three hundred and one up. Well, if you can find any suggestion of patronage, any hint of the attitude once thought proper for a gentleman forced by the dry weather into a public house, the least significance in the 'old-school tie,' we will stand drinks all round, and you may have yours, if you wish, in the genteel seclusion of the saloon bar.

Doubtless the Vicar disapproves of our nightly engagement in this contest. He has, in fact, made no secret of it. And probably the older residents think it a little vulgar. What young men are coming to, they observe. But to the regular customers, we are good, bad, or indifferent players, and that, if we consider the matter, is all we ask.

But we don't consider the matter very much. We just like darts, as we dislike pretension. And it really does not occur to us to question the ancestry or place of education of Alf—who can put three consecutive darts in the bull—or Harry, or George, or Li'nel, for their conversation, if direct, is pleasing, and their manners rather better than those of the intelligentsia, who apparently believe that an acquaintance with the music of Stravinski is an excellent substitute for politeness and a knowledge of the language in which Mr. Joyce writes his books an excuse for most forms of ill breeding.

And this preference for the company of Alf and Li'nel you find Philistine, and as usual you are right, for it is reported of the Philistines that their most respected leader was proficient also in dart-throwing. But as a preference it has been almost universal among us, so that our elders have found us quite outrageously indiscriminating in our choice of associates, and we have been the happier for it. It is only Alf and Li'nel who are rather bored by it all, for they have prejudices far more deeply inculcated and remain staunch upholders of the system in which everyone knows his place. But even their bias may eventually be broken down, for they are young as we are and as interested, after a while, in that foreign specimen, a member of another 'class.' So that as these years have passed and our dart-playing and manners have improved, they have begun shyly to accept us, as we have learnt to accept them, while both of us leave 'class warfare' to the mercenary armies of Conservative and Labor parties alike.

But you need have no fear. We have been in a trifling minority, for our parents, our elder brothers, our younger brothers, and our darts opponents themselves have all rather disliked this lamentable attitude of ours and have made no secret of it, while our sons, if we can ever afford sons, will be deeply shocked, if by that time we have not learnt better.

IV

But we shall have. Already our womenfolk are pointing out that such shilly-shallying may have been all very well for very young men, but

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we're approaching thirty and ought to be ashamed of ourselves, knocking about with a lot of roughs instead of realizing that we have a position to keep up. And what would the neighbors think if they heard that gardener fellow of whom we think so much (dart player, indeed! They'd like to give him dart playing!) calling us by our Christian names in the street? And how do we expect the police to keep order in the place if we encourage these working boys to drink more than is good for them? And what do we mean by letting them laugh at the Vicar's trousers? And no wonder there's all this labor unrest when we encourage them to get Ideas.

So we begin to bend to the storm, and soon you will see us, as our thirties ripen, notably unobservant of Alf and Li'nel, who are signaling that they need one for a game of 'nap,' as we walk rather stiffly to church. And we shall quite understand by then that those long-ago injunctions toward brotherhood were not at all what we imagined them to be, and at best we shall take a certain interest in slum clearance or the better administration of the Poor Law.

Nor do we notice, as our younger brothers leave school, any inclination in them to follow the indolent lead we have given; on the contrary, they are prone to talk of 'cads' and 'bounders' in an unpromising way, and, though such words as 'sahib' and 'white man' have providently been laughed out, one lives in daily fear of synonyms. And blazing about in their sport-cars they find our associates a little odd and not quite what a chap wants.

No, it was a hurried, tentative, and forlorn little show that we made of brotherhood, and it will die with our generation. One might say, after reading any day's newspaper, that it is dead. Which must be a relief to everyone.

II. Murder on Parnassus

By Pierre Very

Translated from *Marianne*, Paris Topical Weekly

'PUPIL LACROIX, tell me what you know about Mlle Stangerson's secret.'

'Mlle Stangerson's secret? Well . . . that is, the secret of Mlle Stangerson . . .'

'I see you don't know the first thing about it. Never mind. Quote the famous sentence Rouletabille heard in the Élysée gardens beside the wall that borders the Avenue Marigny.'

'. . . .'

'I see that you have not opened your Gaston Leroux. You will copy the following sentence thirty times: "*Le presbytère n'a rien perdu de son charme ni le jardin de son éclat.*" You may sit down.'

'Pupil Mercier, what do you know about Mlle Stangerson's secret?'

'Sir, Mlle Stangerson secretly married a certain John Russell in Philadelphia. He was none other than the sinister bandit Ballmeyer, alias Detective Frédéric Larsan, also known as Big Fred, and she bore him a son, who was first called Joseph Joséphin and then Joseph Rouletabille.'

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'Very good. What was the first material clue that Joseph Rouletabille discovered in the *Chambre Jaune?*'

'A woman's blond hair, sir.'

'Thank you.'

'Pupil Jozont, name Sherlock Holmes's most mortal enemy.'

'Professor Moriarty.'

'What was the date of the murder of the widow Lerouge in the *Affaire Lerouge* written by Gaboriau?'

'March 4, 1862.'

'Thank you. Pupil Gharantec, tell me about Isidore Bautrelet.'

'Isidore Bautrelet, the schoolboy in the adventure of the *Aiguille creuse*, was Arsène Lupin's formidable adversary. He knew that the corpse found on the cliff . . .'

This scene takes place in a French lycée about 2935. Criminal literature, which was incorporated in the school curriculum about 2500, has little by little taken precedence over all other forms of literature, which have become discredited and forgotten. Edgar Allan Poe, Edgar Wallace, and certain highly specialized authors who wrote at the beginning of the twentieth century have become classics, whom the pupils study from the time they are twelve or thirteen years old until they graduate.

II

It begins early in the morning with dictation: 'At exactly six o'clock, as he had announced, Herlock Sholmès, wearing a pair of trousers that were too short and a coat that was too narrow, both of which he had borrowed from an innkeeper . . .'

An exercise in grammar follows: 'The policeman took the old judge by the arm and squeezed him energetically . . .'

Then comes a translation. 'Open your *Meurtre de Roger Ackroyd* at page 269, chapter 23: Poirot's little party—from "and now, said Caroline, rising, that child is coming upstairs to lie down," until, "what is it? I asked."'

And so it goes until noon. At home the children ask their parents strange questions. 'Mother,' says the eldest girl at the table, fencing with her beefsteak, 'suppose that you want to poison father.'

'Yes,' says the mother.

'You have nothing but arsenic at your disposal.'

'Very well.'

'What food would you put the poison into so that father could not tell by the taste?'

The father looks up and waits for the answer.

'Well,' says the mother, 'I think that good strong coffee would do the trick.'

'Good Lord, no,' the father cries, 'that would n't do at all, my dear. I could tell right away. If I were you, I'd wait until the cold weather came because then I get my attacks of acidity and take malt. Well, you put your arsenic in my malt . . .'

The pupils return to school. The professor draws figures and numbers on the blackboard. This is the geometry class. 'Given a closed space in the form of an isosceles triangle, ABC, and another closed space Z in the form of a hexagon MNOPQR. Find . . .'

And a physics class. 'If you have a safe covered with armored plate x millimetres thick and a blow-torch whose power is b, find the time necessary to make around the lock a circular aperture having a diameter of . . .'

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At last the recreation period. The pupils form groups and chat while they walk around the courtyard. 'Say, you! How do you say in English *pas une âme?*'

'I think it's "nobody." Why?'

'I need it for my lesson. The professor gave us some *Gallet décédé* to translate: *Pas une âme pour égayer le decor et renseigner le voyageur, etc.*'

Another pupil asks, 'Who did you say was the criminal in the last induction and logic problem?'

'Why, the school inspector, of course.'

'Oh, no, he is n't the criminal. It's the detective. The cigarette butt shows that.'

'Not at all,' says a third. 'The whole trick depends on the alibi. In the beginning the victim was working hand in glove with the murderer.'

In a hangar a group are standing around a physical education instructor. 'The exercise consists in climbing up to a window two yards above the ground without leaving any traces. Since the wall is stuccoed, the exercise is done in four beats. The first position, rise on the toes, hands on hips, chest back . . .'

We are again in the classroom. Philosophy is the subject. 'Gentlemen, the emotions in *Arsène Lupin* . . .'

Latin class: 'I give you the old proverb, *Is fecit cui prodest* . . .'

Zoölogy class: 'Gentlemen, "hotel rat" means . . .'

Literature class: 'Gentlemen, the triangle in literature is represented by three main characters—the victim, the murderer, and the detective. We have as many as thirty-two dramatic situations . . .'

Evening at home: 'Mother, imagine that you have killed your lover with a sickle.'

'Very well.'

'You want to escape justice. In what store would you buy your clothes? Would you wear a wig? Would you leave Paris on foot, on a bicycle, in a taxi, and by which door. Would you take a train? If so, at what station, and what would your destination be?'

'Father, imagine a corridor that has seven doors. A millionaire is sleeping in the last room. His door and his window are locked from within. His secretary is on watch in the next room. How would you go about entering the millionaire's room, murdering him, robbing him, and getting away without leaving any clues?'

The father meditates for a moment and makes a gesture of annoyance. 'That's childish, my boy. That's the old problem of the enclosed space. There are a lot of solutions. Theoretically, I can use the inexplicable-gallery trick, or I can have recourse to the funereal-odor system. Or, better yet—but what do you want me to tell you? I knew my enclosed space by heart once upon a time, but it's been so long since I've looked at a book. Go ask your big brother . . .'

III

The children sweat blood over these problems. Wearily they drag their schoolbooks filled with such repulsive titles as *L'Étrange mort de Sir Jeroboam Backdrive*, *Triple assassinat rue Sébastien-Bottin*, *L'Affaire des oreillers rouges*.

Mortal, stifling boredom emanates from these schoolbooks, from these texts that have become colder than the

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corpses they deal with since they have been made into a school subject to be dissected and discussed. Long ago schoolboys stopped reading adventure stories for the pleasure of it. They have stopped dreaming of themselves as gangsters and gentlemen robbers. They read forbidden books and delight in a bizarre, vanguard literature in which revolutionary authors resolutely break the old formulæ and compose strange works that they call tragedies and that are generally written in Alexandrine verse.

Extravagant and sentimental conflicts are depicted. The vanguard authors have invented a new triangle —the husband, the wife, and the lover. A Spanish prince asks himself whether his prime loyalty belongs to his father or to his mistress. An old man drily watches a fratricidal war between his three sons and their brothers-in-law, and there is the story of an incestuous queen burning with passion for her chaste son-in-law. Young people also enjoy those short narratives in irregular verse called fables, which describe animals —the fox, the stork, the little rabbit, the ant, and the grasshopper.

Of course, the professors scorn such frivolous works, but in small chapels, in secret meetings, it is whispered that these despised 'tragedies,' which are so disconcerting by their extreme novelty, may some day become classics.

English Items

Dr. W. J. O'Donovan, M.P., quoted references from the report of Sir George Newman, the chief medical officer of the Ministry of Health, and said that there was nothing more dreadful than the propaganda of contraceptionists. A British workman with his two arms could produce enough food to feed ten children, but, if he had only two children, what right had he to three meals a day? The justification and spur to a full day's work was a father's children around a father's table.

—*Manchester Guardian*

For the dress designers nothing is sacred. A little while ago there were '*crise*' belts. Revolutionary modes were produced by last year's riots. Now discussion of armaments has inspired a shoe decoration in the form of bull's-eyes: four graduated circles of contrasting suede, stitched with red thread, are placed on the front of the new kid pump models.

—*Daily Express*, London

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BOOKS ABROAD

EXPERIENCE. *By Desmond MacCarthy. London: Putnam. 1935.*

(Raymond Mortimer in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London)

WHEN *Portraits*, the first volume of Mr. Desmond MacCarthy's collected writings, appeared, 'this,' people said, 'is his greatest talent, the faculty of making the dead materialize, more corporeally than in any séance, before our eyes, the physical presence, the gestures and revealing words.' Then came the volume of *Criticism*, and you had only to read the 'Donne' and the 'Browning,' the 'Proust' and the 'Joyce' to feel that this was his true *métier*, the appreciation of literature. Now the third volume appears, *Experience*, and sets one wondering whether his real forte is not practical philosophy. As a critic, he turns his author's words over with loving and suspicious fingers, like the money-changers in the Flemish primitive. 'Here is fine, round, rare currency,' or, 'Mere counterfeit, listen to its ring, the work of a skillful coiner.' But his gusto for language never distracts him from the consideration of human, that is to say in the widest sense, moral, values. 'Literary criticism must be largely a "criticism of life," and it is thus that the best critics have understood their function.' The trouble is that, if the critic's scale of moral values is very different from that of the authors he is criticizing, he is liable to stumble into writing nonsense. Mr. Eliot's later criticism, for instance, has been written from a rigidly Anglo-Catholic point of view. We therefore hear Mr. Eliot complaining that Shelley's intellectual immaturity and inconsistency make his verse unreadable, whereas any critic not blinkered by a theological prejudice would admit that Shelley was far more consistent in his philosophy than most poets and that, if most of his verse is unreadable, this cannot be blamed upon any intellectual deficiency. Unluckily for Mr. Eliot, very few good writers in the last two hundred and fifty years have been remarkable for their loyalty to the Establishment. But such is his sectarian devotion that I shall not be surprised if we are soon informed that Southey is one of the most illustrious of English writers. Now, if Mr. Eliot shows how a moral standpoint can delude a good poet into writing bad criticism, Mr. MacCarthy shows that the criticism of literature can be enormously enriched by the criticism of life. And I say this, not because I happen to be in sympathy with Mr. MacCarthy's philosophy of life, but because it is itself a philosophy of sympathy, which not only tolerates but welcomes variety of opinion and experience.

The first characteristic that attracts the reader's attention in Mr. MacCarthy's papers is his continuous felicity of phrase. Bulwer-Lytton, for instance, he describes as 'a man whose love was not only as a millstone but as a bag of ferrets round his neck'; in his imaginary portrait of the aged Emperor Franz Josef he depicts a manservant laying 'a cloak about his

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shoulders with the tenderness of a dressmaker shrouding a delicate dress in tissue-paper'; a noise of agony heard in a hospital he describes as 'a curious tapering, whinnying cry'; and, of the dead during the War, 'faces once responsive, last remembered as yellow objects, dirty, mauled, like the turnips sheep have left half-eaten.'

Such phrases and all the recollections of Red Cross work in this volume show that Mr. MacCarthy might have been a virtuoso of special reporting. Next one notices his worldly wisdom, such as the advice to the public man acknowledging applause to 'throw quick glances about him, responding as though to individuals in the crowd'; and this advice, which all of us who have rich friends should take to heart: 'To leap forward with alacrity to pay a penny-ha'penny tram-fare when on arrival at the theatre the Spongee will of course be left to take all the tickets is not tactful on the part of the Sponge but calculated to make the Spongee murmur: "This, at any rate, is not the moment for a display of rugged independence."'

Then there are neat definitions, such as the criterion of bohemianism, which is whether you can contemplate without a shudder the idea of someone buttering bread with a perfectly clean razor. And the lapidary apothegm: 'No one loves liberty who fears license.' Here is another of the passages I marked to quote: 'He did his thinking from the artist's point of view, from the ground of mere feeling. It was absolutely necessary for him to attain an exciting, picturesque view of the world; and the very idea that anybody might pull him up and say "yes, yes, but is it *true?*" made him lash out furiously in anticipation. The respect for truth for its own sake he dubbed a sort of survival of mumbo-jumbo worship.'

This comes from an account of Nietzsche, but how applicable it is to D. H. Lawrence, who could not bear to face even the fact of the moon's real distance from the earth, another victim, in fact, of the phthisical retreat from reality.

The first paper in this book is an appreciation of Montaigne, appropriately classified as 'experience' rather than as 'criticism,' because Mr. MacCarthy's philosophy is a humane Pyrrhonism very like Montaigne's. He points out that such skepticism is very different from the caustic and agonizing doubts of that other congenital skeptic, Pascal. 'He who takes for his motto, "I doubt," but is by no means sure even of that is not a skeptic in Pascal's sense. Such a man will take probability as his guide, and doubt will not be an uneasy pillow for his head.' And here is an example of this skepticism, Montaigne's and Mr. MacCarthy's, in action:—

'The word "labor" in the political sense, to a man like me, is a word of mysterious significance. It suggests to me hopes for humanity, fears for much that makes life delightful for me, the righting of enormous wrongs and the infliction of many injuries on individuals with whom my nature is in sympathy, the possibility of a dull, lustreless civilization, but the only chance of a really noble and dignified one.'

The Marxian will have no hesitation in calling these hesitations merely bourgeois, but then hesitation, the suspension of belief, is in itself an

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un-Marxian state of mind. But Mr. MacCarthy's words express admirably the artist's attitude to politics, an attitude that will survive even in the Communist state unless culture is meanwhile suppressed, for the difference between the savage and the civilized man is that the latter does not attach undue weight either to his personal or to traditional conjectures. Evidently, if everyone were like Mr. MacCarthy, there would be few revolutionary improvements in the ordering of society. But, if everyone were like Mr. MacCarthy, would revolutionary improvements be wanted? It is the obtusity of the many that necessitates the fanaticism of the few.

But you must not suppose that Mr. MacCarthy is too wise to feel anger. He has, I believe, both French and German blood (and he is very French, I think, in his style and in many of his tastes), but he is primarily Irish, which means that certain injustices and, above all, certain hypocrisies ruffle his skepticism and whip him to indignation. He is especially disgusted by the behavior of judges and magistrates, and the rebukes administered in this volume to Mr. Justice Avory, to Lord Cave, and to Sir Chartres Biron are scorifying in their calculated moderation. His account, again, of a typical war conversation is a devastating picture of the subtler horrors of war. The prevailing climate of his writing, however, is genial: whether he is talking of Eton or wailing cats or chess or Chinese paintings or literary snobs or the unhappy crowds who dutifully wander around the winter exhibitions at Burlington House, he is appreciative and tolerant because he is penetrating. (How well he chose his pseudonym of 'Affable Hawk'!) And, reading his book, you feel in the best imaginable company, for here is a very rare thing, wisdom entirely free from superiority or self-righteousness. *Experience* is dedicated to Clifford Sharp, as editor of *The New Statesman*, and a number of papers in it appeared upon this page. What Mr. MacCarthy says about William Bolitho's work seems to me the fittest judgment upon his own: 'It reminds one that journalism also is an art.'

British Imperialism in India. *By Joan Beauchamp. London: Martin Lawrence. 1934.*

(Shapurji Saklatvala in the *Labour Monthly*, London)

THERE always has been a long-felt want of a book on India dealing with the modern aspect of life, involving problems of capitalism and imperialism. At last a book has appeared, and it is indeed the right type of book—written by Joan Beauchamp for the Labor Research Department and published by Martin Lawrence. It is a book that ought to have a place in every public free library of this country as well as of America, and searchers after truth on economics should take steps to see that libraries in their districts have a copy. Members of trade-union branches, especially in the textile, mining, steel, engineering, and seafaring trades, should insist on their branches' buying a copy for circularizing among their members.

If any of the numerous highly paid trade-union officials in Great Britain had due sense of responsibility to their working-class patrons and had even half the understanding of modern

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imperialism as is possessed by Joan Beauchamp, they would have long ago produced for British and Indian readers a series of books and pamphlets along the lines of the present book that we review here. Had they done so, one gets out of breath to take stock of what anti-labor terrorist measures in India, and in Britain, would never have taken place. The wholesale massacres of Moplahs in southern India, of Punjabis in Amritsar, of the Tharawaddi Burmans, and of factory and transport workers in Bombay, Calcutta, Chittagong, Peshawar, Sholapur, Ahmadabad, and numerous places in India would never have occurred. The disgraceful Meerut trial would never have been concocted and would have saved a Labor Government from its shame. The trade-union movement in India with a healthy support of British workers would have grown to power, and five million preventible deaths that occur in India every year would have been checked and reduced to a minimum.

The reflex of this safeguard for Indian workers and peasants would have saved British workers from some of the catastrophic attacks upon their rights and standards. The General Strike of 1926 would not have failed to gain success. The Anti-Miners Act and the Trades-Disputes Act would not have seen the light of day. The various cuts in the wages of British miners, jute workers, Lancashire cotton workers, iron and steel workers would not have become possible. Unemployment would not have attained 50 per cent of its present dimensions, and cuts in the benefits of the unemployed would not have been successful. The Baldwin Government of 1924–1929 and the present National Government could not have existed, and Britain, even if not a Soviet state immediately, would have remained a bulwark of working-class rights.

In the very opening paragraph the author makes us feel that she has the correct understanding of modern imperialism and its economic motive. The description of the origin and failure of the 1857 'mutiny' in India affords much food for thought for the Indian politicians of to-day. Had the early leaders of the Indian National Congress and those who came as periodical deputations from India to England on political missions studied the writings of Karl Marx, in general, and those on India, in particular, such as are to be found in his letters to the American press from 1853, they would not have wasted their gigantic energies and resources on committing Himalayan error after error in dealing with British imperialism.

The tactics of British capitalists and the easy allurements offered to the Indian bourgeoisie after the 1857 'mutiny' are well brought out in the first chapter. Every Indian Congress politician has to learn from this book how unnatural and even wicked is his desire to defend and preserve the Indian zamindar [feudal landholder] during the nationalist struggle to overthrow Britain's yoke when, as the author explains, these zamindars are the creation of British capitalists for the express purpose of exploiting India's agricultural wealth and crushing the liberties of the people.

The appalling pictures of human life under imperialism are well brought out. Be it landless peasants with a twopence-per-day living standard or oppressed industrial workers with ten pence a day on which to live in ex-

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pensive cities—both have to starve, succumb to death rates of 250 to 320 per thousand, see their infants die at the heavy rates of over 500 per thousand in certain areas; both have to submit to 5 million preventible deaths of poverty year by year and have life shortened to an average span of 23 years.

Such is the true picture of British imperialism in India instead of the British boon of civilization and progress that even now some British Labor members acclaim in Parliament to show off their class impartiality.

In the last chapters the present-day political and economic struggles of India are well described and correctly analyzed. There is a lesson for him who may read without false pride or undue prejudice.

Neither the Labor leader of Britain nor the Congress leader of India is fit to break the shackles of imperialist capitalism or capitalist imperialism. Men and women by the millions exist in both countries who can perform the task if only they follow the present authoress in her suggestions.

LOS FUSILADOS. *By Cipriano Campos Alatorre. Mexico City. 1934.*

(Antonio Escobedo in the *Repertorio Americano*, San José, Costa Rica)

AS WE walk by this modest building with white walls and a door above which the clumsy hands of some earnest peasant have traced in uneven letters the inscription, 'Rural School,' we hear a youthful, muffled voice teaching the rudiments of reading, 'The duck swims.' A hearty chorus haltingly repeats the phrase. Again the single voice is heard listlessly saying, 'The cat drinks milk.' The chorus answers, the voice speaks again . . .

Outdoors the fields drink sunlight in the open glory of the day, and we say to ourselves, 'Poor teacher! He is shut in there and misses this landscape and light.' This superficial observation is natural to the passers-by, for they do not know that the teacher, lost in this remote ranch centre, has no pleasure apart from his own profession except contemplation and the exercise of his intelligence. He mingles with the peasants, learns and almost shares their misery; he witnesses the germination of plants and the birth of animals; he assimilates, without knowing it, the instinctive and complex knowledge of rural things and people.

Years and events blow us about like straws in the wind. One fine day this teacher, who is now living in the capital of Mexico, begins to write a book. What theme will he choose? A pair of lovers? No, no, people are too complex. And why seek for material beyond his own experience? Has n't he learned a great deal about the revolution in the country district? Yes, he will write something that will draw upon the first-hand impressions he received during those years. The teacher's name is Cipriano Campos Alatorre, and the book is called *Those Who Were Shot.*

And, indeed, this book does clearly show real knowledge of the revolutionary struggle in Mexico, for Campos Alatorre has succeeded in concentrating, in an everyday and almost insignificant episode of that time, the essential traits of most of the participants as well as real Mexican psychology.

True, four or five passages betray inexplicable carelessness, but I men-

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tion them in passing only because they stand out in violent contrast to the natural quality of the rest of the dialogue, which is one of the main merits of the book.

At the risk of taking too much space, let me illustrate some of the most vigorous and characteristic passages that occur throughout the whole length of *Those Who Were Shot.*

A woman soldier, who gave birth to a son while on the march, had the good luck to be offered a ride by an impatient captain so that she could continue advancing without a halt. A starless night falls, and it rains. For hours and hours the troops ride forward with covered heads, hearing nothing but the sound of water and the thumping of the horses' hoofs. The husband of the woman excitedly presses forward near the captain to tell him that the woman . . .

'She died,' snaps Captain Magaña brutally. 'Well, it's all in the game. Watch over her, and to-morrow we'll bury her.'

'But my son . . . that is to say, I was up ahead . . . I did n't notice . . . I can't find him . . .'

'Yes?'

'I saw him fall from the horse when the storm got worse,' interrupted an undersized soldier, who was half naked and drunk. 'The woman was so sick that she did n't see it. I tried to bring the baby along, but the poor thing was cold. He must have been dead at least two hours, so I left him on the road.'

'That's right. What more could we have done?' answers the captain with hair-raising simplicity.

Simón, who has endured the perils of forced marches and battles, one day hears from the lips of Evaristo a confused explanation of what agrarianism, the cause for which they are fighting, really is. He then confesses to his obscure teacher, 'First the followers of Carranza went by, and I was going to join with them, but I did n't feel well. When I went to look for them, they had marched off. As I was hunting for them, I met up with you. I thought that dying from a bullet was better than dying of hunger. Don't you think so? But now I see that we are fighting for something . . .'

'Have you no wife or children?'

Simón tells about his wife. The story is as short as it is cruel and ends on the day when she appeared before him, doused with cheap perfume and wearing a short dress, and announced that she was tired of hunger and had gone to a house where people ate and dressed better.

Evaristo laughs and cracks a joke. Then his face grows hard, and he murmurs sombrely, 'Hmm . . . who knows? My wife and kid . . . I have n't been able to see them for almost two years.'

We also find this gently ironic touch: 'Orders were given, interspersed by grunts and insults, and the troops responded in the same manner. This signified that at bottom the officers and men felt that they were brothers.'

While the troops are billeted on a ranch centre, one of the soldiers named Santiago, who lived there, breaks down and weeps when he discovers that his little son, an undernourished idiot, sometimes satisfies his hunger at the pig's trough. He has to unburden himself of his troubles and describes the hardships of the campaign and his unfortunate en-

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counters with the followers of Carranza.

His wife asks, 'Is n't there any hope that it will be stopped?'

And he replies with admirable simplicity and obscure heroism, 'Yes, on the day when we have all been killed.'

A sympathizer of the cause in the same village sacrifices his last pig in honor of the troop, and Campos Alatorre, speaking of these rough people, injects an observation that is almost sickeningly overdone: 'Then the pig's head bared its tusks and took on that peculiar expression of tragic irony that seems to mock the cruelty of man.' The homage accorded to his dish, which was worthy of a prince or a general at the very least, was accompanied by abundant libations, and naturally 'Don Fidel, completely drunk, wept furiously and made vows of eternal friendship to Santiago.'

THE end of the novel—the capture and shooting of Simón, Evaristo, and Santiago—is powerful and tragic. The last two accept their fate with calm resignation. Evaristo, even when he hears the footsteps of those who are about to march him to the execution wall, is tranquil enough to examine his religious beliefs. He reflects, 'This is a bitter moment, but it will soon pass. A trembling of the knees, a volley, and this world is finished. If there is a Hell in the next one, as the priest in my village says, they'll burn me with green wood because I've been very bad.'

Simón, on the other hand, goes mad with terror. His successive stages of emotion are described by Campos Alatorre with blunt phrases that make one shudder. After three bullets have entered his back, Simón runs, possessed with a frenzied desire to live, and shields himself behind a maguey plant. A furious soldier, armed with a machete, runs after him, shouting. The dying man, blinded by madness but still with a flickering light of understanding, runs with desperate agility around the maguey, dodging the mortal blows of the knife. The crowd of soldiers find the spectacle diverting.

'Simón writhed, doubled up, and gave incredible leaps; but soon he stopped; a blow from the machete had struck home. With one shoulder almost cut off and drenching the earth with blood, he fell to his knees: "Brother . . . little brother . . . don't kill me!"

'A second blow severed his right arm and a third hit him over the head, making a strange hollow sound as if a pumpkin had been cut in two. His body rolled heavily . . .'

These brutal, pitiless scenes, which we have quoted briefly, assume different colors. Now it is the light gray of the dust clouds that rise in battle, now the warm red of blood, now the luscious green of vegetation—all mingled in a violent and stirring combination. Campos Alatorre imparts to the smallest detail the virile pulse that throbbed in his hand when he wrote this book. Here are two expressive images, which reflect the character of the story: 'The morning was gray, with tattered black clouds overhead like soot spattered with a broom on the leaden wall of a kitchen.' 'His tall muscular body advanced in long steps, and he lifted his feet like hoes.'

We have lingered so long over this

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brief novel, which is so alive with human tragedy, that there is no space to refer to the short stories that complete the volume. We must allow future readers to discover for themselves the terse social criticism of 'María Concepción Curiel,' which tells such bitter truths about Mexican bureaucracy; the cheerful and sometimes painful adventure of 'Professor Meraz'; the interesting episode, 'A Strange Dawn,' which is perhaps too intellectualized for the background against which it develops and which, apart from the vocabulary, perhaps betrays the influence of foreign literature most clearly; and 'The Swordsman of Tonalá,' a sustained piece of psychological penetration.

Campos Alatorre's first book is gallant and worthy. Many defects could, of course, be indicated, but that is not our specialty. We prefer to select the ripe grain that each book brings us and leave the chaff to those who prefer to make such petty discoveries. Moreover, Campos Alatorre is young and may present us with still greater surprises. *Those Who Were Shot* may be considered his triumphant entry into the field of the pure Mexican novel.

THE INTELLIGENT MAN'S GUIDE TO JEW-BAITING. *By George Sacks. London: Gollancz. 1934.*

(From the *Observer*, London)

A GLORIOUS title for a book, and not a misleading one. For the book is first-rate reading. It is not easy for an intelligent man to develop an interest in so stupid a manifestation of human prejudice as the abiding hatred of Jews by Gentiles. It requires courage in an author cold-bloodedly to sit down and write still another book on this subject. To write the book without boring or exasperating the reader is to achieve something like a miracle. Mr. Sacks has a neat sense of humor, and he writes well. His great knowledge of Jew-baiting in many countries would be a wasted accomplishment were it not for the agreeable use he makes of it.

On the suggestion of Mr. Shaw that Jews should solve their difficulties by intermarriage he comments: 'I wonder what he would think of the man who suggested as the solution of poverty the intermarriage of the poor and the rich?' Mr. Sacks is entirely typical of himself when he writes: 'Englishmen may well be forgiven if they imagine that all Jews have hooked noses, curled oily hair, lisp, wear enormous diamonds in their shirt-fronts, and periodically burn down their business premises.'

His sense of irony is at work throughout the book with good effect. He has much that is illuminating about the prevailing fever in Germany. His chapter on 'Aryans, Nordics, Hundred-Percenters, and Suchlike' is good entertainment as well as good and informative doctrine. The author's own common sense and sane purpose are summarized in a passage where he writes: 'There is so much to do in this world that it is time we laid aside the playthings of our childhood. Race hatred is a relic of our stupid past, and race glorification is merely a modern variation of an ancient folly.'

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Realism Old and New

THE fundamental idea behind our 'As Others See Us' department is frequently confirmed in foreign articles about one country by the citizen of another. A German, for instance, often writes about Japan with clearer perspective than a Japanese. Furthermore, being a foreigner himself, he is in a better position to know what is important and new from the point of view of his audience. The same holds true for Russia, and no fiery editorial in *Izvestia* praising the achievements of the Soviet theatre contains such effective propaganda—for the non-Communist reader—as an article on the same subject by Jean-Richard Bloch, whose æsthetic appreciation and literary talent aid and abet his strong sympathy for the U.S.S.R.

Bloch's last essay published in *Europe*, a Paris literary monthly, deals in contrasts. The author first describes the magnificent spectacle that the Bolshoï Theatre makes of Moussorgski's *Boris Godunov*. The curtain rises on a howling, moaning mob at the foot of the Kremlin wall. The armed guards run hither and yon, trying to disperse the people with blows of their whips, but the procession of penitents, carrying tiny candles, penetrates into the Red Square. The crowd is seized with a kind of mystic madness. Old women in rags make genuflection after genuflection; the poverty-stricken people stretch forth their arms supplicating the Kremlin, heedless of the soldiers and their whips, while a gigantic Byzantine icon, illuminated from within, sets the face of Christ above the frenzied mob.

At the back of the stage on a higher level, a monstrous, luxurious procession goes by—bishops, priests, monks, deacons, carrying fantastic, jewel-laden crosses and tremendous icons through the church doors. They file past and disappear, followed by more bishops, deacons, icons, crosses. All this is bathed in gold light in contrast to the murky darkness of the square below.

When the stage seems to have attained the limits of splendor, there still remains the coronation scene, in which three hundred people, so bejeweled and swathed in gold lamé that they look like grotesque marionettes, await the entrance of Boris. Again one thinks that the unsurpassable has been reached when Boris enters. The extraordinary depth of the stage has been fully used to add to the impressiveness of his appearance, and, when Boris walks through the immense portal, surrounded—literally carried—by the princes and accompanied by his feminine guard, he looks more like an idol than a man.

The spectacle goes on, deliberate and purposeful in its display of splendor and degradation. But the contrast behind the footlights pales before the even greater contrast in the theatre itself. Firmly planted in her orchestra seat, a large, middle-aged woman, wearing her best blouse and a scarlet handkerchief around her head, watches the whole performance—never leaving her seat during intermissions, clutching her ticket and her coat-room check, strong, stolid, almost expressionless. 'But how expressive her very presence!' Bloch exclaims. A Soviet critic, attentive to his job, would never have looked this side of the footlights.

Oklopkov's New Realistic Theatre is the exact opposite of the Bolshoï. Here the starkest simplicity is the rule. The theatre itself is a dingy, rectangular hall, in the centre of which a round platform about four metres in diametre rises five steps above the spectators, who sit on benches grouped about the central platform in pie-cut sectors separated by aisles. A narrow balcony—which the Russians call *bel étage*—runs all around the room at

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about the same height as the central platform, a few steep steps lead up to it on the left and the right. From the rear a gangplank several feet wide runs down to a stairway, the lowest step of which meets the circular stairs around the central platform.

The action takes place anywhere in the room,—at different places on the balcony, on the steps, on the gangplank, on the central stage, and in the audience,—changing quickly from scene to scene, so that the audience is constantly shifting and turning. Spotlights are scattered at intervals—hanging from the ceiling and the walls, hitched on the stage, the steps, the benches in the audience. Any place becomes the scene of action as soon as the lights are focused on a particular character or group of characters. It goes without saying that such a mobile theatre allows for no scenery and for only the most rudimentary properties, which can be silently moved in the darkness while the attention of the spectators is directed elsewhere. Make-up is sparingly and subtly used, for many of the characters sit among the audience, which must not be aware of their presence until the spotlights suddenly reveal them. On the other hand, comic actors get wonderful effects by remodeling their faces with putty—a form of plastic surgery that is not as common in this country as in Soviet Russia.

The New Realistic Theatre is very new and has only three plays in its repertoire, but the laws that govern it are already clear. The same conditions that impose subtle use of make-up demand the utmost simplicity and understatement from the actors. In presenting Gorki's intensely dramatic play, *The Mother*, the actors were freed from the necessity of projecting themselves over the footlights, for they were playing to an audience that was in their midst. Consequently, the performance took on a subdued, half-tone intensity, broken only now and then by a violent accent or gesture. There was no need to reach out; the audience had been drawn in. Oklopkov calls it 'the new realism.' And it took all the 'understatement' Jean-Richard Bloch could muster to keep him from weeping on Oklopkov's shoulder.

Gide before His Judges

THE Union for Truth, with Paris as its capital, perseveres in its chase after the most elusive of all mirages. Recently it organized a conference on André Gide and his influence. The writer in question arrived with his bodyguard—Ramon Fernandez and Jean Schlumberger. Henri Massis, appropriately and willingly cast in the rôle of prosecuting attorney, had just risen from a grippe-ridden bed and brought a menthol-saturated handkerchief, which he gracefully—but unhygienically—waved at the audience. As founder and editor of the Royalist *Revue Universelle*, he delivered himself of a speech that ran 'as narrow and deep as his own thoughts,' contrasting Gide's conception of a man who is pragmatic in philosophy and self-justifying in life with the classical conception of a man who is dogmatic in philosophy and self-creative in life.

When the mentholated handkerchief had waved its parting flourish, Gabriel Marcel gave a firm and impartial account of Gide's profound dissatisfaction and search for truth, which is an entirely different thing from the search for certainty. His final statement—'those who have suppressed all dialogue within themselves are close to fanaticism'—was greeted by a pout from the dogmatic Massis.

Of course, Communism soon came to the fore. Thierry-Maulnier asked 'in a respectfully aggressive tone' how Gide's humanism could stomach the U. S. S. R. Everyone rushed to the rescue with different explanations and personal dissertations on Montaigne and Lenin while M. Daniel Halévy kept repeating, 'I don't understand it . . . I don't understand

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it.' The only one whose answer to this bitter question was overlooked turned out to be Gide himself, who sat quietly in his corner and murmured in a voice that none but himself could hear: 'Of course, there is a conflict, a hard conflict . . .'

It is interesting to note that it was a militant Christian who understood this conflict best of all. Jacques Maritain, who had refused to make a formal speech, arose in behalf of the defense and confounded Gide's confused and disloyal opponents, who, after they had reproached him for his persistent nihilism over a period of forty years, still attacked him when he came forward with a definite affirmation. And Maritain did not fail to mention the sacrifice that Gide had made to his new faith. It takes one believer to understand another.

'I have given four years of my life as an artist,' Gide replied simply when the question was put to him. But the smiling simplicity of his statement did not hide the courage it took for a naturally heterodox artist to devote himself without reservations to the cause of his choosing. And the Catholic Mauriac rose to deliver a tribute—in his own name and in the name of many others—telling Gide of his affection and admiration.

André Gide came to this assembly like a schoolboy with little hope of passing the examination; he left taking with him dozens of sympathies that he had won over tremendous barriers of prejudice. In spite of Massis and the mentholated handkerchief, it was a big day for liberalism.

The French Close the Gates

THE growth of Fascism among French writers has been one of the most distressing symptoms of the times. It suggests, moreover, that France may not have to part with her men of letters when she dismisses her liberal politicians. Jules Romains and Drieu la Rochelle, one of whose articles appears in this issue of THE LIVING AGE, are among the better known and more influential writers in this group, and now we hear that M. Maeterlinck is no longer holding aloof but has expressed an opinion regarding dictatorships. The difference, as he sees it, between the Soviet dictatorship and Mussolini's rule is that Mussolini gives his people a 'beneficent dictatorship.' When asked to explain his statement, M. Maeterlinck said: 'I was in Italy recently. Mussolini is a very great man. We were magnificently received. One day he served me a wine I liked. I expressed my pleasure. When I returned to my hotel, I found twenty-four bottles in my room. Now was n't that charming?' Charming indeed—and an adequate explanation of why M. Maeterlinck likes Mussolini. M. Maeterlinck, however, does not like *borshch*.

And now, in addition, we learn that the Société des Gens de Lettres has resolved to do everything it can to hinder the sale of books by foreign authors in France. Furthermore, it means to forbid any foreigner from contributing to French papers. From now on, the French press is to be of the French, by the French, and for the French. Thus far, the only voice of protest came from Belgium, France's best literary customer, for the Belgians feel that there should be reciprocity in books. M. Rageot, president of the society, afraid of losing a customer, immediately replied that exceptions would, of course, be made and that the restrictions were suggested to prevent the influx of 'subversive' literature.

Proust Canonized

M. PAUL BRACH and Dr. Robert Proust have just published the fifth volume of Marcel Proust's correspondence, and they assure us that there are many more to come. To help us through this labyrinth, Dr. Proust, Marcel's brother, has arranged the letters according to the people to whom they were addressed, for, had they been presented in chronological

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order, many a reader would have feared to enter the jungle.

Though the present volume adds little to our actual knowledge of Proust's personality, it confirms whatever we may know, or think, about his love of detail, his scrupulousness, his much-publicized sensibility. As André Rousseaux, writing in *Candide* puts it, 'when he has finished a letter, he starts a long postscript to explain what he thinks he has unsuccessfully expressed in the foregoing pages.' We have a letter in which he apologizes for having missed an appointment. He was at the Ritz, it seems, and he sent the bellboy to get a cab. He waited an hour and a quarter for the boy to come back. But, on account of the bad weather, the boy had to go some distance to find the cab and, having found it, had just started back toward the Ritz when an accident occurred, which compelled him to go to the police station as a witness. Proust waited all this time. Time, however, waits for no man, and the hour of the rendez-vous slipped by. But should Proust believe the bellboy's story? And will his correspondent believe him, and will he believe that Proust believed the bellboy's story? Or, not believing, . . . Proust's scruples cover every possibility and impossibility.

One of the most interesting letters from a literary point of view is the one addressed to Mme Laure Hayman, who had gleaned the idea that Proust had put her into his novel as Odette de Crécy. She complained to him in a letter, to which he replied that one could not lift a person from real life and put her into a book. That was the end of that, and all that remains is a very interesting letter treating one of the many aspects of the life-and-literature problem. It is rather interesting that about a quarter of a century later a certain Princess Youssoupoff, proffering similar charges against Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, who had supposedly put her into *Rasputin and the Empress* in a somewhat shady rôle, won her case and $900,000. The judges were apparently unfamiliar with Proust's memorable dictum on this subject; or perhaps a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production does not enjoy the dispensations peculiar to art and literature.

In addition to the letters Dr. Robert Proust is also considering the publication of Proust's notebooks—at least those parts that contain new material. It is curious to find almost on the same page notes relating to the Guermantes in the earlier volumes as well as to the final volume, *Le Temps retrouvé*. This confirms Benjamin Crémieux's comparison between Proust's work and the rose window of a cathedral, for, while it grew richer with the author's experience, its plan was conceived at the very start. 'Marcel never thought of it except as a single volume,' Dr. Proust tells us, 'and he never abandoned the idea of publishing it in this form even when it had to be published volume by volume. This idea was closely allied with another: he wanted to give a Bible of himself, which should reach the reader's sympathy as a single bloc. That's why he began by writing it without punctuation. And he would have liked to see it published in a large book, printed in small characters on very fine paper. There is no reason to believe that this will not be done some day . . .'

Indeed, why not? Shakespeare, who, so far as we know, never thought to write a Bible of himself or of anyone else, has been published in dozens of one-volume, thin-paper editions. Those who read Shakespeare, however, prefer the simpler editions in many volumes and on ordinary paper, just as those who read Proust will find no fault with the paper-covered Nouvelle Revue Française volumes. Some day Proust may find himself canonized; everyone will know him, and no one will read him. That will be the psychological moment to publish the Proust Bible.

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THE SCIENCES AND SOCIETY

LAST MONTH this department discussed briefly the substantial developments in television that were being realized in England and the possible effects that —at least, in the opinion of the British theatrical magnate, Sir Oswald Stoll— these developments might have upon the legitimate theatre. Interesting confirmation of Sir Oswald's blunt statement that 'television is no longer a possibility; it is an accomplished fact' comes from the report of the committee appointed by the British postmaster general to investigate the merits of the various television systems now advocated. This report recommends an immediate installation of an ultra-short-wave television system to be under the control of the British Broadcasting Corporation, transmitting pictures at the rate of about 25 per second, with a definition index not less than 240 lines per picture, or 'frame,' and a range of 20–35 miles. Notwithstanding that this represents a much higher degree of definition than that formerly used, reception is expected to be possible over the old sets with a minimum of alteration. Receiving sets capable of registering pictures about 8 by 6 or 9 by 12 inches in size will be expensive at first (from $250 to $400), but anticipated mass production will sharply reduce this figure. Quoting from the London *Times Trade and Engineering Supplement*:—

'The establishment of a service in London with two television systems operating alternately from one transmitting station is advocated as a start, and Baird Television, Ltd., and the Marconi-E. M. I. Television Company are to be given an opportunity to supply the necessary apparatus. The cost of providing and maintaining the station up to the end of 1936 is estimated at £180,000. In the light of the experience gained, the planning of additional stations should be proceeded with until a network has been built up, and it is considered probable that at least 50 per cent of the population could be served by 10 stations in suitable locations.' The British Government, whose communication systems are admittedly among the most efficient in the world, is completely behind this programme, and it is expected that, by the end of this year, some twenty million people will be accessible to this powerful new instrument of education, entertainment—and propaganda.

'RADIO ARMAMENTS' is the expressive term used by an American newspaper man to indicate the sinister propaganda possibilities of wireless. In his startling book, *Mobilizing for Chaos* (Yale University Press, $2.50) Mr. O. W. Riegel presents evidence to show that every successive advance in the technique of communications—from the telegraph to ultra-short-wave radio—'has been accompanied, paradoxically, by an intensification of political and cultural rivalries, which has prevented the growth of the community feeling one might have been led to expect.' In other words, the very instruments designed to promote the maximum of enlightenment and mutual understanding have been, are, and will be exploited to strengthen the most barbarous forms of nationalism: those, namely, based upon bitter economic rivalries and imperialist ambitions. To this end government control of the 'nervous system fabricated out of telegraph, telephone, and radio' becomes an imperative, which even in the United States (through the recently established Federal Communications Commission) is being heeded. Mr. Riegel's quietly written and well-documented book is further proof of the insufficiently realized fact that in the modern state political power is actually (if not ideologically) in the hands of those who control the strategic physical apparatus of the

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country. In no other way can we adequately explain the continued success of the Fascist dictatorships in Europe; nor is there any doubt that the Soviet Union—which operates three of the world's most powerful radio stations—would encounter terrible difficulties if its closely controlled communications system were disrupted or sabotaged by enemies.

A few illustrative facts, taken from the section on radio armaments, will demonstrate the correctness of Mr. Riegel's fear that, if present reactionary nationalist tendencies continue, the world's technically magnificent communications machinery—its 'electrical nervous system'—can do little but accelerate the speed with which we are heading for 'new dark ages':—

Since 1920, when the American station KDKA began the first regular public broadcasting, radio has developed until to-day, a short half-generation later, there are in the world some 1,200 broadcasting stations, serving in the neighborhood of 40,000,000 receiving sets. This means a 'listening public' of from 120,000,000 to 320,000,000 persons: a generous percentage of which is illiterate, excitable, and easily dominated by the spoken and pictured word, in their ideas and their actions.

FRANCE HAS 31 radio stations, of which the 40,000-watt Eiffel Tower unit is the most powerful. Rigid control is exercised by the Government over the programmes delivered to some 2,500,000 receiving sets, for each of which an annual license fee of 10 francs is required. Germany is believed to have one of the most efficient 'single-coverage' radio systems in the world. Of its 31 stations, two are of 60,000 watts each; at least 5,000,000 receiving sets are under license. It was over this radio network that Chancellor Hitler gave his famous 'dynamo speech' in Berlin two days prior to the November 12, 1933, 'Peace-and-Honor' elections. Between 40 and 50 million Germans heard this speech; two days later 40,500,000 voted for Hitler and his entire programme. Soviet Russia controls approximately 80 radio stations, including two enormously powerful units at Moscow believed to operate in excess of 100,000 watts each. There are, however, only from 500,000 to 1,500,000 receiving sets officially reported, but numerous loudspeakers in public places make up for this deficiency. The Moscow station has attracted considerable acrimonious attention in Europe (especially in Poland, which is now trying to outbuild it) through its occasional 'jamming' of other broadcasts in several languages. Similar jamming occurred when at least a dozen radio stations 'cracked down' on the Pope's first broadcast from the Vatican City station.

More recent developments—not mentioned in Mr. Riegel's valuable book—include: radio equipment to be used in connection with aircraft flying the South African routes; aërodrome radio stations in course of construction in the Federated Malay States; a 20,000-watt station at Delhi, India; at Tokyo a projected station of 150,000 watts to supplement a present total radio equipment of 25 stations; four new broadcasting stations for China—and a domestic wireless telephone network.

NO COUNTRY is stronger than its raw-materials base: never has this axiom of *Geopolitik* been more true than it is to-day, when every imperialist World Power is feverishly manœuvring for position in the approaching conflict for a redivision of the world's economic wealth. From Abyssinia to Mongolia the political pictures break down into a mosaic of concrete physical imperatives: oil, coal, iron and steel, nickel, chromite, tin, and zinc; rubber, cotton, fiber, and food products.

On this subject—literally as large and as diverse as the earth itself—it would be difficult to find a more fascinating and thought-provoking study than the volume recently published under the auspices of the Bureau of International Research of

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Harvard University and Radcliffe College. In *The Strategy of Raw Materials, a Study of America in Peace and War* (Macmillan Co., $3.00) Mr. Brooks Emeny has assembled, with extraordinary care and thoroughness, a mass of concrete facts bearing on economic development that no student of current affairs can afford to neglect. What gives a peculiar timeliness to his volume is the consistent and extremely realistic attention he pays to war needs, primarily in the United States but by implication in all other countries: in fact, Mr. Emeny continually refers to a 'two-year war emergency' as though it were no longer a matter of doubt but something to which the entire political-economic machine of this country must subordinate itself.

From the numerous diagrams, maps, and elaborate statistical data of this volume, we may extract a few of the more significant findings, as they relate to the seven Great Powers: the United States, Germany, Great Britain, France, Soviet Russia, Italy, and Japan. The 'strategic situation' of these Powers (in each case excluding strictly colonial sources of supply) is brought out by these facts:—

With regard to 'the great essentials'—food, power, iron, machinery, chemicals, coal, iron ore, and petroleum, and on the basis of 1925–29 figures—the United States is completely self-sufficient in all and in five is a heavy exporter; Germany has inadequate domestic production in food, iron ore, and petroleum, as does Great Britain; France is adequately supplied only in power, chemicals, and iron ore although she could probably get by in food; Soviet Russia (1929–32 basis) is today self-sufficient in all except machinery and chemicals—for which all necessary raw materials are available; Italy can be sure only of power, imports of varying size being essential to supply domestic needs, food and chemicals possibly excepted; Japan proper is still faced with domestic insufficiency in iron and steel, machinery, iron ore, and—principally—oil. The following quotation from the concluding chapter of this unusual and valuable book is recommended to our politically minded readers:—

'The United States, the British Empire, and, to a lesser extent, Russia are outstanding in potential wartime self-sufficiency. It should be noted, furthermore, that in the case of all commodities, with the single exception of antimony, the domains of the United States and Imperial Britain form together a perfect unity in supply . . . We have, thus, a clear illustration of the fact that the richest raw-material regions of the world are in great part under the dominance of the Anglo-American Powers; and that these two national groups, which account for over 60 per cent of the world's industrial output and exercise financial or sovereign control over 75 per cent of the mineral resources, hold the balance of power in so far as the essential commodities of peace and war are concerned.'

IN REGARD to power Mr. Emeny reproduces in his book some very revealing statistics prepared by Professor T. T. Read (whom we discussed three months ago in connection with an important volume on the mineral resources of South America) for an article on 'The World's Output of Work' published in the *American Economic Review* of March, 1933. The figures given below relate to the daily output of work in millions of horsepower-hours for the seven major countries: the reader will notice the colossal lead of the United States, a lead that is maintained for each of the four types of power listed—human, coal, petroleum, and water:—

	HP in millions
United States	1,643.0
Germany	376.5
Great Britain	317.3
France	177.3
Soviet Russia	148.0
Italy	68.6
Japan	110.0

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If, now, we allocate the above totals on a per-capita basis for each country we get the following individual daily work output in terms of horsepower per inhabitant: United States, 13.38; Germany, 5.7; Great Britain, 7.0; France, 4.2; Soviet Russia, 0.8; Italy, 1.6; and Japan, 1.6. What this means in terms of human labor alone may be roughly understood by moving each decimal point one unit to the right and multiplying the actual population of the respective country by the resulting figure: 133, 57, 70, and so on. Small wonder that the 'Age of Power' is giving classical economists and 'price-system' governments one severe headache after another: everywhere a surplus of physical 'wealth' and a deficit of artificial tokens with which to 'buy' it.

MECHANIZATION, as one of the major social expressions of technical and scientific progress, has often been discussed in this department. From among the many books and special monographs devoted to this broad subject we may select, for honorable mention, *Mechanization in Industry*, by Dr. Harry Jerome. This latest publication sponsored by the National Bureau of Economic Research (New York, $3.50) presents, in compact form, the principal results of an extensive investigation into the effects of machinery and power processes upon a large number of industries in the United States. Begun in 1924, this investigation—like the somewhat parallel studies on America's productive and consuming capacities published by the Brookings Institution—terminates with a 'pre-depression' year (1929) so that from it we can obtain no knowledge of the severe industrial recession of the past five years.

These flies, however, by no means spoil the ointment. In regard to his main theme—power production and its effects upon labor—Dr. Jerome has much to say that is deserving of the most careful attention. For example, during the period 1920–29, man-hour productivity in the United States increased as follows: steam railways, 28 per cent; bituminous-coal mining, 20 per cent; iron-ore mining, 82 per cent; general manufacturing, 48 per cent. In New York City a group of garment manufacturers, through the installation of improved machinery, reduced their labor requirements by 49 per cent; productivity in the pulp and paper industry rose from 100 in 1914 to 140 in 1927; the estimated rated capacity of power equipment for all industries increased from 64,000,000 HP in 1899 to 176,000,000 in 1919—and to over 400,000,000 in 1929. Some idea of what this tremendous acceleration means for the individual worker may be obtained from the following table compiled by Dr. Jerome from dependable sources. The figures in the second column give 'the percentage increases in horsepower per wage earner, manufacturing industries, 1899–1929':—

Flour-mill and grain-mill products	13.9
Food and kindred products	22.6
Sugar beet and cane	26.7
Textiles and products	78.7
Iron and steel and products	157.8
Non-ferrous metals and products	257.9
Chemicals and allied products	276.1
Bread and bakery products	378.3
Glass industry	406.0
Steam-railroad repair shops	430.9
Gas, manufactured (heating and illuminating)	795.7
Cigars and cigarettes	1075.0

Such facts as the above (a few out of thousands) fully justify Mr. Frederick C. Mills in stating in his introduction to Dr. Jerome's book, 'The more rapid the rate of technical change, the more thoroughly mechanized and integrated the economic system, and the more rigid its parts, in relation to one another, the more difficult adaptation to such changes must be.' Which is substantially the story we were hearing from the Technocrats, back in 1932.

—HAROLD WARD

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AS OTHERS SEE US

Vienna on Huey Long

THE conservative *Neues Wiener Tagblatt* has devoted a leading editorial to Huey Long that not only echoes what many American commentators have said on the basis of first-hand experience but that shows how quickly such a characteristic manifestation of our time is understood four thousand miles away. After pointing out that Long is a likely presidential candidate for 1940, if not for 1936, the editorial emphasizes some of Huey's universal qualities:—

The situation not only affects the citizens of the United States; the Long phenomenon possesses significance for the Old World, even for the whole world. For the sudden rise of a man whose name until recently was hardly known beyond his own political territory is a sign and symbol of the unprecedented changes that have completely transformed the intellectual habits of the broadest masses. The only novelty is that this process has now spread to the North American Union. Until a few years ago, America was the hearth and home of an individualistic attitude that expected everything from personal enterprise and ability, that made no demands upon the state, and that regarded individuality as not only the highest expression of mankind but as the most powerful force in the world.

Years of crisis and unemployment, however, have changed the mental habits, or, rather, the instincts of broad masses on the other side of the water, and catchwords that we have been charmed by from time immemorial are attracting a constantly growing following. Long has become a great man and now has over four million organized supporters because he has taken the field against wealth and promised his followers that the sky is the limit. 'Every man a king,' is his slogan. Every American citizen is to be given such a high standard of living that he will feel like a king.

All of which is as full of naïveté as it is lacking in novelty, yet it would be a mistake to regard Long as merely a successful demagogue. This peasant's son, who has emerged from the simplest surroundings, who remains a child of nature or, at least, poses as such with great success, has a tremendous will to power. Of course, he has the complete equipment of the demagogue. He is a brilliant radio speaker and has an exceptional gift for organization. Since he has attained his power single-handed, his achievements are strongly reminiscent of Adolf Hitler's. But Long is completely different from the Reichsführer in that he does not subscribe to any racial ideology. He has done much more for the Negro inhabitants of his state, especially in educational matters, and he has not deliberately antagonized the intellectuals. He works most effectively with popular, coarse methods that have nothing to do with mental or spiritual matters, but he has also tried to extend popular education and takes great pains over the local universities. He also differs from the German Reichsführer in that he not only knows the Bible thoroughly but uses texts from Holy Script as his most effective arguments.

The phenomenon of Long is no more an isolated one. The soil of economic misery brings forth a harvest of economic medicine men who attempt to heal the patient with the Devil's brews. We have only to recall the wave of panic to which Upton Sinclair's boundless economic radicalism gave rise among all the conservative circles when he presented himself as can-

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didate for governor of California. Recently, another very well-intentioned, really convinced magician has appeared in the form of Dr. Townsend. But Huey P. Long has got the inside track and is regarded to-day as Roosevelt's outstanding rival. Naturally, the illusion will not last forever; the painful process of disenchantment cannot be avoided. But what Goethe said holds true of the masses, 'Children love to listen.' And social quack doctors, financial faith-healers, and economic tricksters are beginning to enjoy a boom in America.

Welcoming Russian-American Friction

THE breakdown of the trade negotiations between the United States and the Soviet Union gave rise to a chorus of delighted 'I-told-you-so's' in the German press. A leading editorial in the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt* commented at length on the subject:—

Russian foreign policy, which has gained extraordinary power in Europe because its anti-German orientation attracted the support of the French, has suffered a defeat of world-wide significance in America, and a new situation has been created in the Far East. Up to now every nation has learned that there is no such thing as friendly relations with the Soviet Union, that all Moscow's promises are purely Platonic, and that the Russian formula always runs—take but do not give. Germany and England have learned it; America is just finding it out; France still has the lesson ahead of her. Litvinov, the Russian Foreign Commissar, who is as industrious as he is clever, has just received a cold douche from Washington while he was trying all too eagerly to play a part in west European politics. Now he will have to devote a great deal of his attention to the eastern question again.

At the time the Soviet Union won American diplomatic recognition, the political aspects of the affair received much more attention than the economic. Anti-Japanese sentiment in the United States was at its height, and everyone was discussing the prospect of inevitable war. The Soviet Union was extraordinarily alarmed by the Far East. The double-tracking of the Transsiberian railway was going forward at a snail's pace. There was a shortage of serviceable locomotives and a catastrophic lack of rolling stock, and the development of Siberian industry was in its earliest stages. There was also a lack of troops in the Far East as well as a lack of supplies and war materials. An energetic attack by Japan would have forced Russia to withdraw from the Pacific coast. Their common fear of Japan led the other two Powers to enter into a military agreement that took concrete form in the shape of an American military mission, which laid special emphasis on air defense.

Since then, Roosevelt's conciliatory foreign policy, his renunciation of colonial expansion, and the projected surrender of the Philippines have made Japanese-American relations more normal. The immense expanse of the Pacific Ocean, which even the most modern navy can cross only with the greatest difficulty, is another advantageous factor. Japan will never attack the coast of California, and America will never risk the dangerous waters that surround the Japanese islands. Thus, the paradoxical situation arises that the field of conflict between the two nations is so large that they cannot find a place to fight. This bears directly on the recall of the American naval and military attachés from Moscow, and this unusual step can be regarded as a diplomatic rebuff to the Soviet Union and a friendly gesture toward Japan, which has unquestionably profited from this most recent move.

The Russians have struggled eagerly and cleverly in Washington for the remains of America's friendship. Troy-

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anovski, the Soviet ambassador, who has one of the best brains in the Russian Foreign Office, has understood very well how to win personal sympathy among American politicians and to present his country's credit position in the most favorable possible light. He profited from the extraordinarily pro-Soviet attitude of the American intellectuals, but he suffered from Communist agitation among the unemployed, which should not be underestimated merely because the Communist popular vote is almost invisible. The voters choose between one of the two great traditional parties, so that the Communists would be foolish to devote great energy to electioneering.

But the appearance of Upton Sinclair in California, who nearly won an absolute majority with an absolutely Communistic programme, and the radical workers' and peasants' movement in the Middle West have shown the Federal Government how dangerous Communism may become, at least in certain States, if the economic crisis continues. But the debt question decided the issue. When Troyanovski's clever dilatory tactics were exhausted and he had to come forward with an entirely impossible offer, Roosevelt took advantage of the opportunity to cut America loose from the dangerous friendship with the Bolshevists. Thus, a chapter in the history of Russian foreign policy that began with the highest hopes ends with a serious defeat for the Soviet Union. The next chapter, the outcome of which we await with excitement, is being acted out in Paris.

A Frenchman on Flemington

R. MÉRAL, a contributor to the topical weekly, *Marianne*, of Paris, comments as follows on the Hauptmann trial:—

Nothing reveals the soul of a people more clearly than the way it administers justice. In France the courtroom at once assumes the aspect of a public meeting or of a bad theatre. Everything is calculated to move the emotions, to act on the sensibilities, to create a theatrical atmosphere. In England emotion is banished from the proceedings. Everything takes place in an intellectual abstraction, in the analysis of facts. One feels as if one were attending a scientific debate or an exchange of views between ministers of the Presbyterian Church.

Nothing of the sort can be found in America. The atmosphere is entirely that of a circus or even of a rodeo. The defendant plays the part of the bull, whom the attorneys for the prosecution try to lassoo and bring to his knees, while the defense attorneys throw themselves between the cowboys and the victim, attempting to unseat the former. It all goes forward at an accelerated 'sensational' rhythm strangely similar to that of a good detective story or of a gangster film. France appeals to the emotions, England discusses, here they hit you over the head and try to knock you out. Suggestion plays a great part—also intimidation. The end justifies the means, and the end is to make an impression, violently, brutally, and to have the last word. It is to a certain extent the public reënactment of the crime. And, since the American public is an excellent public, it gives itself over to the sensation of the moment as easily as a child or a primitive and with the same frivolousness. Its attention is held only by a multitude of incidents and theatrical strokes. A trial in the United States is a newspaper composed of nothing but headlines.

Tricks of kaleidoscopic psychology literally numb the jurors, or, at any rate, some of them, and since the verdict must be unanimous it is easy to see how effective the method is. In recent weeks the American press has contained nothing but articles on the Hauptmann case. One day the first page announced in huge headlines, 'Hauptmann's case looks hopeless.' The next day equally large characters

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proclaimed: 'Impossible to predict the verdict.'

Hauptmann's most terrible adversary was Lindbergh. Not that Lindbergh was trying to do him in, but his personality, his legend, his position as a national hero imposed on the mob an unreasoning desire for revenge. This Parsifal who had suffered must be revenged. What a curious and perhaps tragic destiny has fallen to the lot of this man! To judge from his photographs, this big, gangling, serious, careless boy quickly became a troubled, self-willed, tormented man. He seems crushed by his glory. How often has he regretted his humble and magnificent life as a pilot of the line?

Is Hauptmann really guilty? Who can say? No real proof exists, only presumptions. And that's not all. The ladder of which the prosecution makes so much does not prove the direct guilt of the carpenter—on the contrary. It was found leaning against the wall of the house, planted in the mud but not embedded in the damp soil, whereas if it had supported the weight of a man it would have sunk deep into the soft ground. And that famous ladder is so badly built that certain experts have not hesitated to declare that it could not have borne the weight of a man.

The possibility of an inside job would therefore seem to impose itself, and did not the suicide of a maid support this lugubrious hypothesis? There remains that extraordinary Doctor Condon, who seemed at certain moments to have escaped from a story by Edgar Poe and at others to have come from a psychiatric manual—intelligent and puerile, sinister and ridiculous. His rôle, apparently of the first importance, remains troublesome and unexplained. Obviously, it was abnormal that the advertisement he placed in a Bronx newspaper immediately brought him a reply whereas the appeals launched by Lindbergh himself over the radio obtained no results. Hauptmann perhaps knows the secret of the mystery, but it seems likely that Dr. Condon is not completely ignorant either.

On Alexander Woollcott

RAYMOND MORTIMER, who conducts the weekly book page in the *New Statesman and Nation* that Sir John Squire, Desmond MacCarthy, and David Garnett conducted before him, devoted his attention recently to Mr. Alexander Woollcott, in particular, and to New York, in general:—

As I can't go to New York, I have been sniffing the smell of it that rises from *While Rome Burns*. The author, Mr. Alexander Woollcott, is celebrated as a dramatic critic and one of the chief figures on the *New Yorker;* he is himself as specifically New York as Jean Cocteau is Paris. Like all books of collected journalism, this should be read interruptedly, not more than ten pages at a time—you cannot get the measure of a champion sprinter by making him run a Marathon. Mr. Woollcott is, as a journalist, simply stunning. He retells familiar stories, like the guest who vanished from the Paris hotel, and some murder cases, which will be new to most of us in England, and serves them up with a sardonic sauce, which is his *spécialité de la maison*. Here is a killing that he was called in on, the victim bearing the typically New York name of Herman Rosenthal:—

'I shall always remember the picture of that soft, fat body wilting on the sidewalk with a beer-stained tablecloth serving as its pall. I shall always remember the fish-belly faces of the sibilant crowd, which, sprung in a twinkling from nowhere, formed like a clot round those clamorous wounds. Just behind me an old-timer whispered a comment that I have had more than one occasion to repeat: "From where I stand," he said, "I can see eight murderers."'

He tells a story as incisively as Sonja

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Henie cuts threes, as economically as a bee packs honey. When he delivers descriptions of a person, full-face and both profiles, a photomaton could not be snappier. His Frank Harris is a cinch, his Mrs. Patrick Campbell a riot. Perhaps the liveliest thing in the book is his puff of a fellow journalist, Dorothy Parker. In England she is little known; in America she is already a myth, a goddess to whom all the wisest and dirtiest cracks of the year attribute their birth. It was she who described Katherine Hepburn as running through the whole gamut of the emotions from A to B; it was she who, becoming bored with the solitude of her office, told the painter to paint on the door the word 'Gentlemen'; it was she who, when her dog developed a distressing complaint, issued a confidential bulletin: 'He *says* he got it from a lamp-post.'

There are no flies on Mrs. Parker and Mr. Woollcott, and they are not shy about making this clear. Indeed, the trouble, if there is one, with these New York wits is that they are so determined not to be taken in by what is bad that they do not easily take in what is good: they are so frightened of flies that they brush away anything that has wings. Mr. Woollcott, it is true, lets himself go about Chaplin and Robeson and the mother of the Marx Brothers, but I am not underrating any of these when I say that they are just the people whom it is chic to praise. Chic, but not highbrow, oh, no, anything rather than that. And here, I fancy, is the heel of this dazzlingly equipped, this chromium-plated Achilles. And it is not specially Mr. Woollcott that I am trying to get at but the *Geist* of sophisticated New York.

If you compare the *New Yorker* with an English comic paper, you wonder why Americans are so much cleverer than we are. But, if you go to New York,—and they will give you there the time of your life,—you will keep finding yourself hobnobbing in corners with some other European visitor. One reason is that in America conversation is a game played with a different set of rules. It is not tennis, in which you return the other fellow's service, but golf, in which you go on hitting your own ball. It might be defined as a tyranny of anecdote tempered by interruption. The other thing is that even the cleverest Americans are, for all their critical wit, undiscriminating. (Of course such a generalization is not watertight; Mr. Edmund Wilson, the author of *Axel's Castle*, is one of the best critics alive.) And they are undiscriminating because the past is not alive to them. The sophisticated New Yorker may be crazy about El Greco, because El Greco is 'modern,' but otherwise old masters are just things that vulgar millionaires buy. The New Yorker may get a hulluva kick from Hopkins, but, as far as he is concerned, Matthew Arnold is as dead as mutton or Milton. Compare Mr. Woollcott with an English equivalent, say Mr. Desmond MacCarthy, and at once the width of the Atlantic becomes apparent. Mr. Woollcott has, of course, read Shakespeare and Ibsen, and that is that. But these writers are a living part of Mr. MacCarthy's mind; and, whatever he may be writing about, the best that has been done in that sort will be within his sight. If you have standards and use them, you are a highbrow, but you don't need to worry about those flies. At the same time, how I wish we had a Mr. Woollcott and a Mrs. Parker here. My complaints against them, against New York, are mostly sour grapes. As I said before, this is the beginning of February.

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THE GUIDE POST
(*Continued*)

on that paper when it was under liberal Jewish ownership, he now expresses the orthodox Nazi point of view.

FOR more than ten years Drieu la Rochelle has attracted increasing attention as one of the most talented novelists in post-war France. After giving the public such typically Gallic offerings as *L'homme couvert de femmes*, he has now turned Fascist and upholds his new creed with a good deal more intelligence and clarity than the average German or Italian apologist has been able to bring to the same topic. He has just written a book entitled *Socialisme Fasciste*, but the dialogue that we translated from the *Nouvelle Revue Française* between a young Fascist and a forty-year-old deputy of the Radical Left gives the gist of his point of view.

NO ONE acquainted with the rudiments of Marxism will attach much importance to Leopold Schwarzschild's attack on the doctrine of historical materialism, for he bases his case on a distinction between economics and politics that Marx himself never made. Nevertheless, his essay is an important one, partly because many followers of Marx have made precisely the distinction that Herr Schwarzschild attacks and partly because it is an amazing sign of the times that the editor of the foremost émigré weekly should argue that National Socialism may develop into Communism. Here is an original idea presented with no little effectiveness and complete sincerity.

MIDDLETON MURRY'S monthly, *Adelphi*, offers from time to time some of the most revealing and frank expressions of the British middle-class mentality to be found anywhere. Rupert Croft-Cooke, for instance, says that the war and post-war generations began to cultivate a democratic attitude toward the working classes and took at face value the creed of classless patriotism that their parents preached to them during the War. Now, however, the old class lines are reasserting themselves, and the British middle class is returning to its spiritual home.

A FRENCH humorist, Pierre Very, foresees the time when the present literary Parnassians from Homer to Proust will be replaced on the educational curriculum by authors of detective stories, and he suggests some amusing situations that will arise in consequence. Finally, he foresees the old classics enjoying the same clandestine popularity that Sherlock Holmes and Philo Vance do to-day.

OUR 'Persons and Personages' department presents a varied trio this month. Edmond Jaloux describes a visit to Sir James Frazer, learned author of *The Golden Bough*. One of the leading scientific writers in Russia interviews Jean Piccard and learns from him some of the secrets of the stratosphere. Finally, a German critic has the highest praise for the French provincial novelist Jean Giono, who reviewed Jean Guéhenno's *Journal d'un homme de quarante ans* in our February issue and whose short story, 'The Baker's Wife,' we presented in a translation by Gladys Billings over a year ago.

DO NOT miss in our 'Books Abroad' department the review of *Los Fusilados* by C. Campos Alatorre, who perhaps foreshadows the emergence of a whole new school of realistic Mexican novelists. The short novel that gives his first collected volume of fiction its title also reveals Mexico in much the same way as 'Night over Poland' reveals the land of Pilsudski, Paderewski, and the wrestling Zbysko brothers.

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